

THE EPITAPH-WRITER;

CONSISTING OF
UPWARDS OF SIX HUNDRED
ORIGINAL EPITAPHS,
MORAL, ADMONITORY, HUMOROUS,
AND SATIRICAL;

Numbered, classed, and arranged, on a NEW PLAN;

Chiefly designed for those who write or engrave
INSCRIPTIONS ON TOMB-STONES.

PART I.

Contains GENERAL EPITAPHS of two and four Lines each.

PART II.

EPITAPHS on various CHARACTERS and RELATIONS in
LIFE, as FATHERS, MOTHERS, HUSBANDS, WIVES,
YOUNG MEN, YOUNG WOMEN, INFANTS, and a great
Variety of moral and religious CHARACTERS.

PART III.

HUMOROUS and SATIRICAL EPITAPHS, designed as
Satires on VICE and FOLLY.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

AN ESSAY ON EPITAPH-WRITING.

By JOHN BOWDEN.

"To commune with the Grave our only Cure." YOUNG.

If to the Mem'ry of your Friend
You would a Tribute pay,
I have, to suit your Purpose, penn'd
What you would wish to say.

Only take care to fix on one,
That is in Justice due;
For better 'tis to give him none,
Than one that is not true.

C H E S T E R :

PRINTED BY J. FLETCHER, 1791.

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P R E F A C E,

INCLUDING

AN ESSAY ON EPITAPH WRITING.

THE Want of a Book of original Epitaphs, formed on a *new Plan*, for the Use of those Artists who write or engrave Epitaphs for the middle and lower Ranks of People, has long been complained of.

If any such Book has, of late, been published, it has escaped the Knowledge of the Author of this; which, he hopes, will either answer the Purpose, or excite some abler Hand to write or collect one that will; he says, either to write or *collect*, for perhaps it is not in the Power of any one Person to compose so great a Number and Variety of Epitaphs as will compleatly answer the End, or meet with general Approbation. It is true, there are large Collections of Epitaphs already published, but is it not as true, that their Largeness and Expensiveness render them fitter for the Libraries of the Learned and Curious, than for the Use and Purchase of the Artist?

There are also some small Collections annexed to brief grammatical Publications, designed for their Use; but these are so few in Number, and so hackneyed, as to be far from satisfying either the Artist or his Employer; and it may be added, many of them so faulty as to give general Disgust, not only to the Judicious but even to common Readers.

Hence our common Epitaphs are become a common Reproach to the Taste of the Nation.

Travellers have been so long disgusted with Nonsense and Doggerel, that they will scarce condescend to peruse our Tomb-stones.

It may not, therefore, be improper to say something here on the Nature, Design, and Utility, of an Epitaph.

“ To define an Epitaph” (says a great Critic) “ is useless ; every one knows it is an Inscription on a Tomb. An Epitaph, therefore, employs no particular Character of Writing, but may be composed in Verse or Prose.

“ It is indeed commonly panegyrical, because we are seldom distinguished with a Stone but by our Friends.” He adds, “ but it has *no Rule* to *restrain* or modify it, except that it ought not to be longer than common Beholders may be expected to have Leisure and Patience to peruse.”

The Author of the following Epitaphs must beg Leave to differ in Judgment from this great Critic, when he says, “ the Epitaph has *no Rule* to restrain or modify it,” except the Length ! Whatever Rule the Epitaph-writer ought to have other Rules, by which to restrain and modify his Compositions : which Rules, as they are highly necessary to be known and practised, it may not be improper here briefly to state and recommend.

1st. Epitaphs being commonly panegyrical (as he observes) it is *highly necessary* that the Praise bestowed on the Dead should be restrained within the Bounds of *Truth* ; for however common exaggerated Panegyrics may

may be on the Tombs of the Dead, Nothing is more fulsome and disgusting; the Characters of Men being generally too well known to be disguised by the thin Veil of Flattery and Adulation.

The Prostitution of Praise has long been complained of by the most judicious of our Moralists, yea and by good Men of every Denomination, and not without abundant Reason, as it is certainly hurtful to the Cause of Virtue and Religion; for, as the Generality of Mankind act from no higher a Motive than the Esteem of the World, or Praise of Men, how can it be expected that they will be at the Pains of obtaining it by Virtue, when they see it may be so easily obtained without?

We cannot, therefore, be too cautious on whom we bestow high Praises; and such is the Fondness of Mankind for Praise, that low and languid Praise is esteemed worse than none at all; and hence so much Exaggeration of it.

It is indeed vain to expect it to be otherwise, while Mankind (like the Pharisees reproved by our Saviour) continue to seek and substitute the Praise which cometh from Men, instead of that which cometh from God only; but let those who profess any Regard for his Sayings, call to Mind the just Severity of his Reproofs to those Lovers of the Praise of Men, and tremble, lest they, either by desiring such Praise themselves, or bestowing it unjustly on others, be found in the same awful Predicament.

It is well known how cautious the wise Antients were in this Matter; they thought the Prostitution of Praise a most dangerous and hurtful Thing, and there-

fore called it by the odious Name of *Poison*. The Wise and Good seek it not (say they) and the Foolish and Vicious deserve it not. It maketh the Wise to blush, and the Vain to become more vain.

These Sentiments of the antient Moralists might here be confirmed by Passages, from the most approved modern Writers; but the following may suffice, from two justly celebrated Writers of the present Day.

“ *Hold, Pharnaces!*

“ *No Flatt’ry, Prince, it is the Death of Virtue;*

“ *Who gives it is of all Mankind the lowest—*

“ *Save he who takes it.*”

MISS MOORE’S DANIEL, a sacred Drama.

How necessary, therefore, is it, that Praise, even on a Tombstone, should be restrained within the Bounds of *Truth!*

But to come still closer to the Point: The learned and much-admired Knox, writing on this Subject, says, “ The noble Antients, those Patterns of unaf-
“ fected Magnificence, consulted real Dignity in the
“ Brevity of their Epitaphs. The Grecian Muse
“ poured the sweet Melody of Verse at the Shrine of
“ a Poet, or Hero; but she never condescended to
“ *mean Flattery*, nor displayed the bloated Ostentation
“ of a modern Panegyric.

“ On the Tombstones of the truly great, it is cer-
“ tainly right that an Inscription should be written
“ consistent with their Dignity; but when we see the
“ *studied Panegyric* engraven on the Marble that en-
“ closes the Remains of the *Worthless*, we despise the
“ Eulogium that Mankind are mean enough to bestow
“ on every one that will pay the Mason.”

Essay on Monumental Inscriptions.

Alas,

P R E F A C E, &c.

v

Alas, how few Epitaphs have been written on Persons of Distinction, under which one might not justly inscribe something like the following Satire :

All you who this Inscription read,
Say, is it not a Shame,
Thus to belie the silent Dead,
To please that Strumpet, Fame ?

Sure he who did these Verses plan,
Design'd to make us laugh ;
For how could such a worthless Man
Deserve an Epitaph ?

Or if he must a Motto have,
His Character to sketch,
Let this be written o'er his Grave,
" Here lies a worthless Wretch."

If there be a Remedy for this Part of the Misconduct of Mankind, certainly some Means ought to be devised, to lessen this foolish and ridiculous Practice of flattering and believing the Dead.

Whatever Reasons the Legislature may have for not interposing to prevent and suppress it, surely the Priesthood, or Ministry of the Church, can have no sufficient Reason for their Inattention to it, seeing it falls more properly within their Jurisdiction and Notice.

Ought not every Church-minister to inspect, or cause to be inspected, every Epitaph, before it be inscribed on any Tomb or Monumental-stone, within his District ; and to be authorized by Law, either to correct, alter, or suppress it, as his Judgment and learned Abilities (aided by those of his learned Brethren, in critical Cases) might enable him ?

Nor

Nor should Epitaphs on the most exalted Characters escape such Inspection, for, though they are usually the Compositions of Men of Learning and Taste, and may not, therefore, be suspected to be deficient in Stile, grammatical Construction, or Elegance of Expression; they are frequently well known to be palpably false, and deficient in Point of *Fact*, however pompous, and ‘bloated’ with Flattery and ‘Ostentation.’

“ A marble Monument, with an Inscription palpably false, and ridiculously pompous, is far more
 “ offensive to *true Taste*, than the wooden Memorial
 “ of the Rustic, sculptured with painted Bones, and
 “ decked out with Death’s Heads, in all the Colours
 “ of the Rain-bow. There is an Elegance and classical Simplicity in the turf-clad Heap of Mould
 “ which covers the poor Man’s Grave, though it has
 “ Nothing to defend it from the Insults of the Proud,
 “ but a Bramble. The Primrose that grows upon it,
 “ is a better Ornament than the gilded Lies on the
 “ Oppressor’s Tombstone.” *Knox.*

These Remarks being generally allowed to be just, the Importance of the Subject will be a sufficient Excuse for having dwelt so long on this Head; which it may be proper to conclude with desiring the Artist or Inscriber of Epitaphs, to discourage, as much as possible, in his Employers, the Folly of bestowing fulsome and undeserved Praise on the Dead; that public Disgrace to a Christian Country.

To this End the Author has given the Reader a brief Admonition in the Title-page, well knowing, that few of those who may seek here for an Epitaph, will either think it necessary, or bestow Time to read the Preface.

2d. There is another Rule which the Epitaph-writer should never lose Sight of, viz. the Good, that is, the Edification or Admonition, of the Reader; without this an Epitaph can be little more than a Piece of unpardonable Vanity; at best it can be but a dead, uninteresting Narrative, if not a mere Land-mark.

It is indeed lamentably true, that most of the great People of the World, or (to use the modern Phrase) the People of Fortune, Figure, and Fashion, are most averse to serious Admonition, though it is as true that none stand more in Need of it. Hence the Poets, who have always been too ready to sacrifice at the Shrine of Pride, Vanity, and Ambition, have so often prostituted the Muses to the reigning, though corrupt, Taste of the Times; but as this ought not to subvert the just and proper Order of Things, it cannot be pleaded in excuse for any criminal Conformity to the corrupt Taste of the Vain or the Vicious.

If serious Reflection and Admonition are improper on a Tomb-stone, they are improper any where. The Truth is, they disgust the Proud and the Wicked every where.

What then, shall we, to please some vicious Fools,
Break thro' all Order, and transgress all Rules?
Resist of Friendship ev'ry Impulse giv'n,
Renounce our God, and turn our Backs on Heav'n?

No; take this Rule (some Critic may reply)
Praise Virtue only—when the Virtuous die;
Grave Admonitions but excite the Spleen,
And as to Vice, 'twill be by Contrast seen.

If this were all the Poet had to do,
Our Epitaphs would be both brief and few;

But

But since triumphant Vice and Folly reign,
We must offend the Vicious and the Vain.

3d. There is also another Rule which should be attended to in writing Epitaphs, as much as possible: The serious Reflections and Admonitions, so well becoming an Epitaph, should ever be written in as lively and striking a Manner as possible, especially brief ones; even the Grave and Pathetic, so as to awaken and engage the Attention of the Thoughtless, and alarm the Fears of the Vicious and Guilty.

Something like the Smartness in the following Lines seems almost indispensibly necessary in Writing brief Epitaphs on common Characters:

*" Time was, I stood where thou dost now,
" And view'd the Dead, as thou dost me ;
" E'er long, thou'lt lie as low as I,
" And others stand and look on thee."*

Or the simple and affecting Pathos in these :

*" On me perhaps, in gay Pursuits employ'd,
" You thoughtless look, nor care that I have dy'd ;
" O that kind Heav'n to you such Worth may give,
" That all Mankind may wish that you may live !"*

The Thoughts in the former of these are common, but the *Manner* in which they are expressed, renders them lively, pleasing, and affecting.

The Thoughts in the latter are less common, but the still less common Manner of expressing them, and particularly the tender and friendly Solicitude for the Reader's Welfare, so pathetically expressed in the unexpected Turn of the last Couplet, give inexpressible Pleasure to the well-disposed Reader.

How

How strikingly even two Lines may be expressed, we have a beautiful Specimen in the following :

*“ God takes the Good—too good on Earth to stay ;
“ And leaves the Bad--too bad to take away.”*

As to the Mode of Writing humorous and satirical Epitaphs, no Rules can be prescribed. It may be sufficient to observe, that the more deformed and ridiculous they render Vice and Folly, the better ; and the more pointed and epigrammatical, the more will they excite Attention, impress the Memory, and answer the End proposed.

To render Vice and Folly ridiculous in an Epitaph, requires such a Talent for Wit and Humour, as few Writers possess. There are few Priors, Swifts, or Ben. Johnsons, in this Way. He who writes Epigrams best, will, of Course, succeed best in writing Epitaphs of this Kind ; but as among Portrait-painters, few draw strong or striking Likenesses, so among Poets, few have been so lucky as to succeed in this laconic Art. It has been said by some, that to write *one* good Epigram is sufficient for a whole Life ! But what would be thought of a Painter who drew but one good Likeness in his Life ?

It will, however, be granted, to attack Vice and Folly with Success, or to hit off a Character well in this Way, may be deemed fortunate or lucky.

To sketch out a general Character with all that Keeness of Satire, Humour, and laconic Wit, displayed in the following short Epitaph, by the late ingenious Dr. Byrom, of Manchester, will perhaps be attained by few :

“ Here

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“ Here

" Here lies John Hill,
 " A Man of Skill,
 " His Age was five Times ten ;
 " He ne'er did Good,
 " Nor ever wou'd,
 " If he'd liv'd as long again."

This might serve as a Model, if this Kind of Composition would admit of Standard or Rule ; it may at least serve as a Specimen of satirical Wit in an Epitaph, though various Characters admit of great Variety of Representation.

One Thing, however, the Writer of humorous and satirical Epitaphs is never to forget, viz. that he is to attack and expose, not *personal*, but mental Deformity, not virtuous, but vicious Characters ; and, lest he should be tempted to be ludicrous, and fall, where many a great Wit has fallen before him, he ought ever to keep in Mind these Lines :

" Immodest Words admit of no Defence,
 " For Want of Decency is Want of Sense."

Though there can be no Rules given by which to write satirical Epitaphs, there are Marks by which to distinguish true Wit and Genius from the false ; and few, perhaps, better than the following :

" True Wit is like the brilliant Stone,
 " Dug from the Indian Mine,
 " Which boasts two diff'rent Pow'rs in one,
 " To cut as well as shine.
 " Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 " With the same Gifts abounds,
 " Appears at once both keen and bright,
 " And sparkles, while it wounds."

But

But humorous and satirical Epitaphs being now seldom inscribed, some (who perhaps too much admire them) may think that a Law to enforce their Inscription (on certain infamous Characters) might tend much to the Suppression of Vice and Folly.—But it is Time to return to those of a serious, moral, and monitory Kind.

From what has been said in Favour of a lively and striking Manner of Expression in brief Compositions, the Reader will easily perceive, that the Author is inclined to think, that a Writer of brief Epitaphs will not often find it easy to make a lively and lasting Impression on the Mind of an inattentive and thoughtless Reader, without the Help of something like an Antithesis: for this Reason he has, in the following Epitaphs, frequently availed himself of that Mode of Writing, judging it of more Importance to make a lively and lasting Impression on the Mind of the Reader, than to gratify the Ear of an over-nice Critic.

Such an one will probably find himself much disappointed, if he looks for classical Elegance, and flowery Diction, in these simple Compositions; but let the classical Knox shew, that the Author is not singular in his Opinion, if he thinks the *Simple sublime* most proper for this Kind of Compositions.

“ Florid Diction, and pompous Declamation, are
 “ indeed found to be the *least adapted* of all Modes of
 “ Address, to affect the finer Sensibilities of Nature.—
 “ Plain Words, without Epithets, without Metaphors,
 “ without Similitudes, have often excited Emotions
 “ of tenderer Sympathy, than the most laboured Com-
 “ positions of Coraëlle. Thou captivating Simpli-
 “ city ! ’tis thine at once to affect, what all the Arti-

“ fice of Rhetoric, with all its Tropes and Figures,
 “ tediously and vainly labours to accomplish. ’Tis
 “ thine to dissolve the hardest Heart, and to force the
 “ most stubborn Nerves to tremble. A few Words
 “ of simple Pathos, will penetrate the Soul to the
 “ Quick, when a hundred Lines of florid Declama-
 “ tion shall assail it as feebly and *ineffectually* as a
 “ gentle Gale the Mountain of Plenlimnon.”

Lastly.—The Composition of an Epitaph should be as brief as may be consistent with the Design of the Writer, and the necessary Information and Good of the Reader. Strictly speaking, neither the *Length* nor *Shortness* of an Epitaph constitutes it either good or bad; however, on common Characters, that is, such as have not been remarkable for either Virtue or Vice (if they must have versified Epitaphs)

Perhaps four Lines, and well express’d,
 Are quite enow—and therefore best;
 For common Characters are such,
 Four Lines are often—four too much.

The foregoing Rules observed, viz.

1st. A strict regard to *Truth* in the Description and Praise of Characters.

2d. The Introduction of moral Reflection, and serious Admonition, for the Good of the Reader.

3d. A lively and striking, or grave and pathetic Manner of Expression.

4. Consistent Brevity.

These

These Rules observed, the Epitaph cannot but be good, provided the Versification be not defective; for the versified Epitaph is here spoken of and recommended before all others (for the Generality of Readers) on Account of its assisting the Memory, and adding the Harmony of Sound to the Beauty of Description, and the Energy of Diction.

On this Plan, the Author of these brief Observations would wish to see such a Book of Epitaphs executed, and published, as might become of general Use, and, if possible, give general Satisfaction, at least to the middle and lower Ranks of People; but as to the Gentry and *Nobility*, and their learned Leaders in the polite Arts, he does not presume to write any Epitaphs or Eulogiums that are likely to be inscribed on their monumental Tombs, well knowing his Inability for such a Task, and how much more able * other Hands are to execute it, with Propriety, classical Elegance, and becoming Dignity.

It is an Assertion of the great Critic (quoted in the Beginning of this Essay) that the *Name* of the Person on whom an Epitaph is written, should never be omitted in the *Verses*!—hence he finds Fault with Pope for omitting to introduce the Name into some of his Epitaphs, and (strange as it may appear) even regrets the Omission!

If he had plainly told us, that, after having given the Reader the Name, Age, &c. of the Person, in a prose Inscription, on a Tomb, or monumental Stone (by Way of Introduction) it was absolutely and indis-

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* See a late Publication, entitled *Kilkbampton Abbey*, or Monumental Records for the Year—And another, called *The Ordeal of Sepulchral Candour*, or *The Wreck of Westminster*.

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penfibly neceffary to repeat the Name again in the ver-
fified Part of the Epitaph, the moft illiterate Reader
would have feen the Folly and Abfurdity of fuch an
Affertion ; and have been ready to fay with Garrick,
on another Occafion,

“ A Critic is an ASS.”

Or to exclaim (Not “ O rare Ben,” but)

O rare Doctor Johnson !

Epitaphs having (originally at leaft) hitherto been
written occasionally, the Novelty of this Attempt may,
perhaps, by fome be objected to, as if it were hereby
intended to fupersede the Necessity of writing occa-
fional Epitaphs ; but this is far from being the Author’s
Intention, which was chiefly to fupply the Deficiency
of the fmall Collections hitherto publifhed for the Ar-
tift, by putting into his Hands fuch an Affortment of
Originals as may ferve him, till he can obtain a better ;
prefuming that he will prefer it to any *Collection* of old
and hacknied ones hitherto defigned for his Ufe.

And furely in a Country where Custom is in favour
of *brief* and *verfified* Epitaphs, on every common Cha-
racter in Life, an Author of no uncommon Abilities
may hope to be ufeful in this Way, efpecially when it
is not his Defign to inculcate any private Sentiments,
or particular Party-opinions of Religion, but fuch as
are generally received by all who profefs the Doctrines
of divine Revelations, and bear the Chriftian Name.

In characterifing, however, Perfons of different Per-
fuafions, it muft be expected that their particular Opi-
nions will occur : but let not the Reader be offended
at any Thing of this Kind, nor charge the Author
too haftily with the Opinions of others, becaufe he
may,

may, in such Cases, express them : neither let the Inscriber of Epitaphs be offended at the Freedom of Advice here given, nor think his Craft will be endangered by the Severity of these Remarks ; no—Custom will still prevail. Epitaphs will still be inscribed ; only let him take the friendly Advice, and add his own Endeavours to those of the Author, for their Improvement, and all will be well.

Undoubtedly the *chief Design* of an Epitaph is to record and commend the Virtues of the Person on whose Tombstone it is written, and to excite the Reader to imitate them ; but it is customary to write brief Epitaphs on such common Characters as have not been remarkable for any Virtue, and who at best, perhaps, deserve Commendation merely on Account of their not having been remarkably addicted to Vice. Hence the insipid and almost *insignificant* Epitaph, that (very properly) only informs the Reader, that the Person whose Tombstone he is exploring, is dead, and that he also must die ; adding an Admonition to prepare, as in the following often-repeated Lines :

“ Pray stop a foot, and cast an Eye ;
 “ As you are now, so once was I ;
 “ As I am now, so you must be,
 “ Therefore prepare to follow me.”

Yet even Epitaphs of this Kind (when expressed in as lively a Manner, and versified as smoothly as this) may not be without their good Effects among the lower Class of Readers, either in Town or Country.

It may likewise be observed here, that it is very natural to Penitents to endeavour to reform others (especially

cially their Friends and Relations) not only on their Death-beds, but on their Tombstones also; convinced that they have done too little good in their past Lives, they desire to do some good when they are dead, by leaving some Admonitions behind them: and where so proper as on their Tombstones?

But Epitaphs are generally chosen and bestowed on the Dead, as Marks of Friendship, by their surviving Kindred; and, as the admired Knox judiciously observes,

“ It is natural that filial Piety, parental Tenderness, and conjugal Love, should mark with some *fond Memorial*, the clay-cold Spot where the Form still fostered in the Bosom, moulders away. And did Affection go no farther, who could blame? But in recording the Virtues of the Departed, either Zeal or Vanity often leads to an Excess perfectly ludicrous.”

To prevent this Ludicrousness, or the too frequent Inscription of worse Lines than the above, the Author has purposely constructed a Variety of four-line Epitaphs in Part the first, which he hopes will answer the End, with respect to the Characters here spoken of. For Epitaphs on better, or less common Characters, the Artist and his Employer must have Recourse to Part the second, where they will find such a *Variety*, as cannot be found in any other brief Publication; this being the only Book of *original* Epitaphs ever yet published, for the Use of the Artist.

How consistently with the foregoing Plan the following Epitaphs are written, must be left to the impartial and judicious Reader to determine. If any should

should be disposed to find Fault with them, or to point out their Defects, he is welcome, the Author will thank him for a *friendly* Correction—Correction being the Way to Amendment, and Amendment to Perfection.

It may not, however, be amiss to anticipate, if not to soften, the Asperity of Criticism.—With some Critics, the great Fault in these Epitaphs (especially of those in Part first) will probably be, a Redundancy of *similar* Thoughts and Expressions. To those who object to them on this Account, it ~~must~~ suffice to say, first, the Author wisheth it were otherwise, but knew not how (agreeably to his Plan) to avoid it. Let it be remembered, however, that the Epitaphs in Part first, are chiefly designed for such Persons of the lower Class as could not well afford to pay for the Inscription of more than four Lines on the Tombstones of their deceased Friends and Relations. In the Construction of these, a brief, moral Reflection, followed by a serious Admonition, or Exhortation, was (next to Brevity) the chief Thing intended.

Now let the candid Critic consider, within how narrow a Compass a moral Reflection on a Tombstone will necessarily confine the Thoughts of a Writer.

The Shortness and Uncertainty of Life, the Vanity of the World, the immediate Necessity of Repentance and Reformation, the Danger of Delay, the Certainty of future Punishment to the Wicked, and Bliss to the Virtuous, seem to be almost the only Subjects he can here with Propriety reflect upon. However, if the critical Reader can reflect on any, or all of them, as often with the same Brevity, and less Repetition of Thought and Expression,

cially their Friends and Relations) not only on their Death-beds, but on their Tombstones also; convinced that they have done too little good in their past Lives, they desire to do some good when they are dead, by leaving some Admonitions behind them: and where so proper as on their Tombstones?

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Expression, the Author would be glad to see his Thoughts published to the World.

The same Fault will, perhaps, be found with many of those in Part second, which chiefly consist of the Praise of virtuous, and often of the *same Characters* diversified.

To this the Author must reply,
As he reply'd before ;
Write better, and you'll give him Joy,
Or else find Fault no more.

He must not, however, forget to inform the critical Reader, that the Construction of various Epitaphs, on similar Characters, was purposely designed to prevent a too frequent Repetition of the same Epitaph, a Fault which this Publication is designed to prevent, in future, as much as possible.

To facilitate this Design, and for the Convenience of Selection, the Epitaphs on similar Characters are classed together, a Method perhaps not so agreeable to the Epitaph-reader as to the Epitaph-inscriber, whom the Author would entreat to avoid a Repetition of Inscriptions as much as possible ; and to make it a Rule, never to inscribe the same Lines twice in the same Church-yard.

O thou who dost inscribe on Stone,
For England's Credit—and *thine own*,
From this good Rule no more depart,
For 'tis without a Flaw ;
But may *good Sense* incline thine Heart
Henceforth “ to keep this Law.”

But

But to return: The great and severely critical Stricter on *Pope's Epitaphs*, has made an Observation and *Concession*, which will be a better Apology for the Fault of Repetition than any Thing the Author of these Epitaphs can say.

“ The Scantiness of human Praises can scarcely be
 “ made more apparent, than by remarking how often
 “ Pope has, in the few Epitaphs he has composed,
 “ found it necessary to *borrow from himself*. The
 “ *fourteen* Epitaphs he has written, comprise about an
 “ hundred and forty Lines, in which there are *more*
 “ *Repetitions* than will easily be found in all the Rest
 “ of his Works. Whenever Friendship, or any other
 “ Motive, obliges a Poet to write on such Subjects,
 “ *he must be forgiven* if he sometimes wanders into
 “ *Generalities*, and utters the *same Praises* over different
 “ Tombs.”

Now if a Critic so *severe*
 Must say of *Pope* what he says here;
 What *candid* Critic would be hard
 Upon a poor *mechanic* Bard?
 Or, so unreasonable to hope,
 A *Plast'rer* should surpass—a POPE!

To ask why an Author of Abilities so confessedly small, attempted a Task so *confessedly great and difficult*, would be much like asking, Why some abler Hand did not attempt a Work so long and loudly called for, before him?

It ought to give an Author some Delight,
 To stimulate some abler Hand to write;

Which

Which if the Author of this Book should do,
 'Twill bring about *one End* he has in View :
 For tho' he can't but wish, he does not dream
 To be the best (like *Bunyan*) on his Theme.

Probably some may think that the short, light, and jingling Measures have been too frequently adopted in Part second, inconsistently with the Gravity of a serious Epitaph. In this Particular, the Author will not say he has not sometimes transgressed the strict Rules of critical Propriety. Long Lines certainly give an Air of greater Gravity, but are often attended with great Inconvenience of Inscription on a common Tomb-stone, as well as consequent additional Expence, which to the Artist and his Employer are Matters of of Consequence.

Add to this, that an Epitaph of Eights and Sixes (being indented) looks much handsomer on a Tomb-stone, than one consisting of all tens, which also (when indented) look well, but are frequently found too long for the Width of a common Tomb-stone ; moreover, an eight-feet Line may be written much larger, more open, and free ; where a Line of all Tens would have been crowded, and consequently less intelligible, though more expensive.

For these Reasons the short Lines and Measures have been preferred.

Those who to rhyme are quite averse,
 Need not a Rhime to use ;
 Blank-verse may their good Deeds rehearse,
 Or bad ones—if they choose.

If Prose to either they prefer,
 In Prose be they express'd;
 But, for a worthless Character,
 Some think—blank Stone is best.

Lastly, if the learned Critic (after a candid View of the Epitaphs, and the Author's Reasons for his Manner of writing them) should still think that he has descended too low into the *familiar* Stile, and thereby rendered his Compositions unworthy the Notice of Men of Learning and Refinement; the Author begs Leave to recall to his Attention, the Quotation from the learned and refined Knox, on the *superior* Excellency of *Simplicity* of Stile; and likewise the Author's chief Intention, which was not so much to please the refined Critic, as to edify the common Reader, and express the Thoughts of the Characters represented, or on whom he writes, in Order to make the Epitaphs characteristic;

To hear a Mechanic or Rustic address
 His Reader in Language refin'd,
 Perhaps might offend the Judicious no less
 Than if Nobles us'd that of an *Hind*.

In short, to impress the great Truths of Religion and Morality on the Minds of the Careless and Inattentive, was more desirable to the Author than "to speak with the Tongues of Men and of Angels." If he has been so judicious as to adopt the most probable Means of doing this, well; if not, he is not the first Writer whose Want of Judgment or Abilities has disappointed his own good Intentions. Perhaps he might have prevented much critical Censure, by publishing only a judicious Selection, *five hundred* being a Number which far exceeds his first Design.

However,

However, if one half of them may be deemed *tolerable*, and fit for Inscription, he shall not think he has altogether misemployed his Time. But whatever may be the Success of this Publication, the Author will have the Satisfaction (at least) of having here intended to do some real Service to his Country, and the Cause of Virtue and Religion in general, which he hopes will always be his Design in publishing his Lucubrations; seeing " It is incumbent on every " Generation to do something not only for the Benefit " of Contemporaries, but of them also who are to " follow.—*Knox*.

NEW HOLLAND

Chester, Feb. 7, 1791.

NEW AND ORIGINAL
E P I T A P H S.

PART I.

Containing EPITAPHS of TWO and of FOUR Lines each;
Designed for GENERAL USE.

EPITAPHS OF TWO LINES EACH.

EPITAPH I.

LIFE's uncertain, Death is sure;
"Go thy Way, and sin no more."

~~~~~

II.

If thou the Art of dying well wouldst know,  
I'll tell thee what it is—'tis living so.

~~~~~

III.

Repent, To-day's the Time for thee;
To-morrow, thou mayst never see.

~~~~~

IV.

Reader, be wise, improve Life's transient Boon;  
Thy Death will come as sure, if not as soon.

~~~~~

V.

My dearest Friends, your Grief for me controul;
"Death but entombs the Body; Life, the Soul."

~~~~~

## VI.

God only knows who next must follow me;  
Reader, prepare, perhaps it may be thee. \*

## VII.

Repent of what thou'lt done amiss,  
For thou must shortly come to this.

## VIII.

Why start at Death, and of his Pow'r complain?  
" Were Death deny'd, poor Man would live in vain."

## IX.

He's fittest for eternal joys,  
Who best his Time on Earth employs.

## X.

Preparation for Death, Reader, mind while you may,  
Is the Work of a Life,—not the Work of a Day.

## XI.

How great soever thou mayst be,  
Death has a Dart in Store for thee.

## XII.

Dear Reader, 'tis a serious Thing to die;  
Thou soon wilt find it so, as well as I.

## XIII.

If Death to thee appears a dreadful Foe;  
It is thy Way of Living makes it so.

## XIV.

Death's but the End of Sin and Strife,  
To those who live a godly Life.

## XV.



## XV.

Let thy Mind rise to Heav'n, ere Death stops thy Breath;  
The Soul's Resurrection begins before Death.

## XVI.

Say, dost thou mourn my latter End?  
What say thy Life and Actions, Friend?

## XVII.

The Strongest yield, whom God by Death doth call;  
So frail is Man, so certain Death to all.

## XVIII.

Reflect, when thou my Grave dost see,  
The next that's made may be for thee.

## XIX.

Thou little think'st (who read'st this Stone)  
How soon my Case may be thine own.

## XX.

Dear Friends, why should you mourn for me?  
I am but where you soon must be. \*

## XXI.

Live not a Life of Sin below,  
If you at last to Heav'n would go.

## XXII.

Let others by your Conduct see  
How much you lov'd, and grieve for me.

## XXIII.

Tho' my earthly Life is gone,  
I have found an heav'nly one.

## XXIV.

They who give to God their Heart,  
May with Ease from Earth depart.

## XXV.

Would you meet Death without Dismay,  
Seek Christ to take his Sting away.

## XXVI.

Death to that Man no Terror brings,  
Whose Heart is fix'd on heav'nly Things.

## XXVII.

Love not this World, if you at Death  
In Comfort would resign your Breath.

## XXVIII.

How high soever thou mayst be,  
Thou soon must lie as low as me.

## XXIX.

Howe'er afflicted and distressed,  
Poor weary Mortals here find Rest.

## XXX.

My Body I to Earth resign ;  
My Soul, to Providence divine.

## XXXI.

Be not high-minded, Friends, but fear ;  
You're sure of Heav'n—when you get there.

## XXXII.

Reader, think not God's Service hard ;  
The Love of God's its own Reward.

## XXXIII.

## XXXIII.

The World will think no more of thee,  
When thou art dead, than 't does of me.

## XXXIV.

In earthly Comforts never rest,  
If you'd with heav'nly ones be blest.

## XXXV.

If thou wouldst Christ in Glory see,  
Thou here must know, he lives *in thee*.

## XXXVI.

Tho' Dread of Death thy Spirits may dismay,  
True Faith in Christ will drive that Dread away.

## XXXVII.

If you good Life and Tears disjoin,  
You do not mourn, you but repine.

## XXXVIII.

When once the Sting of Sin is gone,  
Death does no Harm to any one.

## XXXIX.

Thou'rt welcome, Friend, to grieve, who readest this,  
But let it be for what thou'st done amiss.

## XL.

The Grave no Terror was to me ;  
Christ o'er it gave me Victory.

## XLI.

Grieve not o'er what this Grave contains,  
It holds not me—but my *Remains*.

## XLII.

## XLII.

Your Actions must your Tears commend,  
Whene'er you mourn a dying Friend.

## XLIII.

For me let no vain Tears of Sorrow flow ;  
To die is but the Fate of all below.

## XLIV.

Death call'd for me To-day, 'tis true ;  
To-morrow—he may call for you.

## XLV.

Death only doth their Peace augment  
Who live and die in true Content.

## XLVI.

Tho' here his earthly Body lies,  
He in an heav'nly one shall rise.

## XLVII.

Welcome everlasting Light !  
World of Darknefs, now, good Night.

## XLVIII.

Here lies a Man by all the Good esteem'd,  
Because they prov'd him really what he seem'd.

## XLIX.

I fear'd not Death, mark well the Reason why ;  
“ He that believes in Christ, shall never die.”

## L.

Remember well this Truth, if you'll be wise ;  
“ The Thought of Death, alone, the Fear destroys.”

## LI.

Reader, remember while thou'lt Life and Breath,  
 "Virtue alone has Majesty in Death."

## LII.

Be thy Life long or short, live well, my Friend;  
 "That Life is long, that answers Life's great End."

## LIII.

To mourn the Dead, good Conduct doth require;  
 "He mourns the Dead, who lives as they desire."

The Lines marked with Quotations in the preceding Couplets, are chiefly from Dr. Young's excellent Poem of the Night Thoughts; from whose Works, and those of other Writers on moral and divine Subjects, those who have an Aversion to *Rhime*, may furnish themselves with Lines very proper for *Mementos* on Tombstones, as may be seen by the following Quotations from the same Poem, which are intended here only as *Specimens* of what may be selected; it being contrary to the Author's Design to publish any Epitaphs in this Book that are not *original*; and the Reader may be assured, that none of the following Epitaphs have ever yet been inscribed on any Tombstone, except the few either mentioned as such in their Titles, or marked with Asterisks.

"Life makes the Soul dependent on the Dust;  
 "Death gives her Wings to fly above the Spheres."

"Death has feign'd Evils, Nature shall not feel;  
 "Life, Ills substantial, Wisdom cannot shun."

"Life is the Triumph of our mould'ring Clay;  
 "Death, of the Spirit infinite, divine!"

"Death has no Dread but what frail Life imparts;  
 "Life has no Joy but what kind Death improves."

GENERAL



## GENERAL EPITAPHS OF FOUR LINES EACH.

## I.

Wouldst thou thy future Bliss secure,  
Thy present Life amend ;  
He that prepares for Death, is sure  
To have an happy End.

## II.

I know that Christ hath Pow'r to save,  
Therefore 'tis my Advice,  
Instead of weeping o'er my Grave,  
Let all my Friends rejoice.

## III.

Mourn not for me, though from you fled,  
You shortly must expire ;  
He, and he only, mourns the Dead,  
Who lives as they desire.

## IV.

My dearest Friends, advised be,  
Weep for yourselves, and not for me ;  
Those, and those only, who do this,  
Will gain eternal Joy and Bliss.

## V.

In vain they weep departed Friends,  
Who never mourn for Sin ;  
For just where sinful Pleasure ends,  
True Mourning does begin.

## VI.

Reader, remember thou must die,  
And turn to Dust, as well as I ;  
Repent thy own Misconduct past,  
And thou'lt be happy at the last.

## VII.

On these few Lines pray cast an Eye,  
No Flatt'ry they contain ;  
Those only who in Christ do die,  
In Christ shall rise again.

## VIII.

Reader, learn this great Truth from me,  
This World is only Vanity ;  
Seek thou a better Life to come,  
And then thou need'st not dread the Tomb.

## IX.

Of all the Lines on Tombstones found,  
Remember these, be sure ;  
Sin gives the Conscience such a Wound,  
As none but Christ can cure.

## X.

If you at last to Heav'n would go,  
Mind how you lead your Lives below ;  
A Life in Sin and Folly past,  
Can never lead to Heav'n at last.

## XI.

Remember, Friends, that you must die,  
And into Dust soon fall :  
To sow in Tears, and reap in Joy,  
Is what I wish you all. \*

## XII.

The Grave has like a Lattice been,  
Our moral Sages say,  
Thro' which good Men have always seen  
The Light of endless Day.

## XIII.

## GENERAL EPITAPHS OF FOUR LINES EACH.

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Our moral Sages say,  
Thro' which good Men have always seen  
The Light of endless Day.

## XIII.

## XIII.

Weep not for me, my dearest Friends,  
Weep for your Follies past;  
And when this Life uncertain ends,  
You'll reap great Joy at last.

## XIV.

If thou wouldst triumph o'er the Tomb,  
With Christ's Commands comply;  
And thou shalt meet a joyful Doom,  
Whene'er thou com'st to die.

## XV.

Remember, Man, whoever thou mayst be,  
Thou'rt on a Journey to Eternity;  
And he alone who well this Life doth spend,  
Shall rest in Peace when at his Journey's End.

## XVI.

All Flesh is Grass, and turns to Dust,  
Mortals are born to die;  
Live well, and put in Christ your Trust,  
And hope for endless Joy.

## XVII.

How vain is Flattery on a Tomb,  
Since there's a Judgment yet to come!  
His End, and his alone, is blest,  
Whose Life and Actions stand that Test.

## XVIII.

Remember, endless Life is found  
In Jesus Christ alone;  
And they who in his Love abound,  
Have made that Life their own.

## XIX.



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XIX.

If God exalts the lowly Mind,  
And none but such can Mercy find ;  
Humble thyself, and be forgiv'n,  
The Proud can never go to Heav'n.

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## XX.

Death's only a Continuation  
Of Life, a Change of Situation :  
But good or bad, observe, my Friends,  
'Tis Life that never, never ends.

---

## XXI.

Heav'nly Refignation, come,  
Honour God, and grace this Tomb ;  
Though Life's Joys thus fleet away,  
Heav'nly Blifs will ne'er decay.

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## XXII.

Weep not o'er this my Dust's Abode,  
Weep for the Faults you've done ;  
And Life's Remains devote to God,  
Thro' Jesus Christ, his Son.

---

## XXIII.

Reader, if thou wouldst go to Heav'n,  
Repent, and have thy Sins forgiv'n ;  
His precious Blood Christ never spilt,  
That Men should die in Sin and Guilt.

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## XXIV.

The Troubles of this mortal Life,  
With Patience, Friends, sustain ;  
Death soon will end the transient Strife,  
And Heav'n reward your Pain.

## XXV.

Live not a Life of Sin below,  
If you at last to Heav'n would go:  
A Life of Sin and worldly Care,  
Too often ends in sad Despair.

## XXVI.

The Man that often thinks on Death,  
While Health and Strength are giv'n,  
Whenever he resigns his Breath,  
With Joy shall think on Heav'n.

## XXVII.

When Adam disobey'd his Maker's Voice,  
I lost in him my heav'nly Paradise;  
But Christ fulfill'd the Law for me, and then  
I found in him my Paradise again.

## XXVIII.

Alas! how vain is Fun'ral Grief!  
Tears for the Dead yield no Relief:  
But he who mourns a Life mispent,  
Shall e'en eternal Woe prevent:

## XXIX.

What most imbitters earthly Blifs,  
To heav'nly makes us rise;  
And thus, by plunging in Distress,  
Exalts us to the Skies.

## XXX.

Dear Reader, 'tis a serious Thing to die,  
Thou soon must find it so, as well as I:  
If for our Works we Blifs or Woe receive,  
Dear Reader, 'tis a serious Thing to live.

## XXXI.

## XXXI.

Vain are the Tears that Mortals shed  
Upon the Tombstones of the Dead ;  
But he who mourns Misconduct past,  
Shall gain eternal Joy at last.

## XXXII.

Stop, Reader, just one Moment spare,  
My Admonition's brief ;  
Sin is the Soul's Disease, take care  
In Christ to find Relief.

## XXXIII.

Ah ! what avails the falling Tear ?  
Nothing but Earth and Dust lie here ;  
Lament for what thou'st done amiss,  
For thou must shortly come to this.

## XXXIV.

" This World's a Stage," act well thy Part,  
Lay this important Truth to Heart ;  
If Life's a comic Farce to thee,  
'Twill end in Death's deep Tragedy.

## XXXV.

This World's a State of Preparation,  
Now Reader seek thy Soul's Salvation :  
Secure thy Pardon whilst thou'st Breath,  
There's no Forgiveness after Death.

## XXXVI.

Let not this sinful World's Esteem  
Engross thy Thoughts, 'tis but a Dream ;  
The World will think no more of thee,  
When thou art dead, than 't does of me.

D

XXXVII.

## XXXVII.

Art thou in Health and Spirits gay ?  
I too was so—the other Day,  
And thought myself of Life as safe  
As thou who read'st my Epitaph.

## XXXVIII.

Reader, let serious Thoughts employ  
Thy Mind, before thou com'st to die ;  
And oft this Maxim think upon,  
A thoughtless Soul's a graceless one.

## XXXIX.

The Body here finds perfect Rest,  
Now mortal Pain is o'er ;  
The Soul in Heav'n's completely blest,  
But cannot be before.

## XL.

Trust not to Parties, Names, and Sects,  
While thou thy better Part neglects ;  
These cannot change a sinful Soul ;  
'Tis Christ alone can make thee whole.

## XLI.

Reader, be wise, prepare for Death,  
If thou wouldst rise among the Just ;  
For thou must soon resign thy Breath,  
And mingle with thy native Dust.

## XLII.

His Body now is turn'd to Earth,  
Which fittest was to have it ;  
His Soul to God (thro' second Birth)  
Whose Grace alone could save it.

## XLIII.

## XLIII.

Christ keeps the Keys of Heav'n and Hell,  
Of Death and of the Grave;  
Be sav'd by him, and all is well,  
For none but he can save.

## XLIV.

With serious Awe these solemn Tombs draw nigh,  
The Dead speak Truth, altho' the Living lie;  
Receive the kind Advice in Friendship giv'n,  
Repent, believe, serve God—then go to Heav'n.

## XLV.

If thou wouldst triumph o'er the Grave,  
And rise among the Just,  
Now turn to Christ, his Pow'r can save,  
And raise thee from the Dust.

## XLVI.

Laugh not away thy fleeting Breath,  
Be kindly caution'd by a Friend;  
The farthest from the Fear of Death  
Are often nearest to their End.

## XLVII.

He that would Heav'n hereafter find,  
Must here possess an heav'nly Mind;  
Devoid of this, wast thou to be  
In Heav'n, 'twould be no Heav'n to thee.

## XLVIII.

Say, dost thou wish long Life on Earth to see,  
And, after that, a blest Eternity?  
Refrain from Sin, for holy Record says,  
The Wicked shall not live out half their Days.



## XLIX.

Death parts the Body and the Soul,  
 No farther reaches his Controul ;  
 Death cannot part the Soul from Sin,  
 No, that's the Work of God—*within*.

## L.

The Grave (think what you will of Tombs)  
 Is Nature's decent Screen ;  
 To hide, what soon (by Death) becomes  
 Too frightful to be seen.

## LI.

Take Care thy Neighbour's Faults to shun,  
 Thus mourn his latter End ;  
 But if thou dost the Faults he's done,  
 Thy Grief's a Farce, my Friend.

## LII.

Learn this great Truth, when thou survey'st the Tomb,  
 And let it have its proper Weight with thee ;  
 “ *Each Friend, by Fate snatch'd from us, is a Plume*  
 “ *Pluck'd from the Wing of human Vanity.*”

## LIII.

In Peace I have resign'd my Breath,  
 The “ *Lord of Life*” who conquer'd Death,  
 From Sin and Guilt has set me free ;  
 I hope he'll do the same for thee.

## LIV.

If these few Lines may thee incline  
 To love and serve the Pow'r divine,  
 'Tis well ; if not, the Fault's thine own,  
 Better thou ne'er hadst seen this Stone.

## LV.

Let no Tears of Sorrow be,  
Dear Relations, shed for me ;  
Tho' my earthly Life is gone,  
I have found an heav'nly one.

## LVI.

The Fear of Death will reign within,  
(And ought to reign, no Doubt)  
Till Fear of God, and Fear of Sin,  
Subdue and cast it out.

## LVII.

Wou'dst thou meet Death without Dismay,  
Seek Christ to take his Sting away ;  
When once the Sting of Sin is gone,  
Death does no Hurt to any one.

## LVIII.

Love not the World, if you at Death  
In Comfort would resign your Breath ;  
Death to that Man no Terror brings,  
Whose Heart is fix'd on heav'nly Things.

## LIX.

Now, Reader, to prepare for Death,  
I (in my Turn) must call on thee,  
As others, while I drew my Breath,  
In their Turn kindly call'd on me.

## LX.

Patient in Hope, thy Load of Life sustain,  
To Souls resign'd, 'tis Torment to complain ;  
Think on the glorious Recompence on high,  
Contented live, and you'll contented die.

---

### BRIEF INSCRIPTIONS,

For MEMENTOS, under sculptured and emblematical Devices, on MONUMENTAL and HEAD STONES, &c.

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Under a TROPHY of TIME.

THE EMBLEM---AN HOUR GLASS, &c.

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#### LXI.

LEARN from the Emblem of the Glas,  
How swiftly Time and Life do pass;  
Now, while they last, improve them well,  
How soon they'll end—thou canst not tell.

---

#### LXII.

ANOTHER.

“ My Glas is run, my Days are spent,  
“ My Life is gone, it was but lent;”  
But God in Christ to me hath giv'n  
Henceforth eternal Life in Heav'n.

---

#### LXIII.

ANOTHER.

Turn now to God, and don't presume  
On TIME (thou know'st not when) to come,  
Lest thou thy Folly shouldst deplore,  
When TIME to thee shall be no more.

---

#### LXIV.

ANOTHER.

(The TROPHY within a CIRCLE SNAKE.)

This may also serve as a MOTTO for a SUN-DIAL.

Swiftly glides the passing Hour,  
Thou to stop it hast no Pow'r;  
But t' improve belongs to thee,  
Live as for Eternity.

LXIV.

## LXV.

## ANOTHER.

Each transient Moment, as it flies,  
Calls thee to seek *eternal* Joys;  
Consider then how great the Crime,  
To slight th' important Call of TIME!

## LXVI.

## ANOTHER.

(In an ACROSTIC) for ditto, or a SUN-DIAL.

T ime runs on, we daily see,  
I nto vast *Eternity*;  
M ake good Use of *Time* To-day,  
E v'ry Moment seems to say.

## LXVII.

## ANOTHER.

L ife is giv'n to be improv'd,  
I n a Moment 'tis remov'd;  
F aithfully discharge thy Trust,  
E v'ry Man soon turns to Dust.

## LXVIII.

## ANOTHER.

(The EMBLEM a FLOWER.)

This may also be inscribed as a MOTTO on a GREEN-HOUSE,  
or a FLOWER-SHADE.

The blooming Flow'r an Emblem shows  
Of mortal Man's Decay;  
Man, like a Flow'r, no sooner blows,  
But fades and dies away.

## LXIX.

## ANOTHER.

" In Wisdom's School this Lesson was the Prime,  
" Make much of ev'ry Moment of your *Time*;"

In

In Folly's School this Lesson bears the Sway,  
Neglect your Soul, and trifle Time away.

~~~~~  
LXX.

ANOTHER.

Readers be wise, *Time* swifty flies,
And Death will soon arrive ;
God's Service you, when dead can't do,
Serve him while you're alive.

~~~~~  
LXXI.

ANOTHER,

For ditto, or a SUN-DIAL.

*Time* lost will bring Sorrow,  
*Time* flies swift away ;  
Leave not till To-morrow  
The Work of To-day.

~~~~~  
LXXII.

Under an emblematical Figure of FAITH, holding his SWORD
and SHIELD, standing on a GLOBE.

If in the glorious World to come
You'd gain eternal Bliss,
And 'scape the Unbeliever's Doom,
Now live by *Faith* in this.

~~~~~  
LXXIII.

Under FAITH, standing on a COFFIN.

The Grave no Terror was to me,  
Christ o'er it gave me Victory ;  
Thro' *Faith* in his Redemption I  
Both dy'd to live, and liv'd to die.

LXXIV.



## LXXIV.

Under FAITH, on a GLOBE, holding his SHIELD, and a  
LABEL, inscribed VICTORY!—his SWORD by his  
Side, sheathed.

*Faith* o'er the World (as here the World may see)  
Gives the true Christian final *Victory*  
O'er all the tempting Pow'rs of Vice and Sense :  
Go, Reader, try and prove its Excellence.

## LXXV.

Under FAITH and CHARITY, HAND-IN-HAND.  
See steady *Faith* to virtuous Acts inur'd,  
Of Peace possess'd, of vast Rewards assur'd,  
With smiling *Charity* in Union join'd,  
True Emblems of the Graces of \* his Mind.

## LXXVI.

Under HOPE, with her ANCHOR.  
When strong Temptation did my Soul assail,  
I cast my *Anchor* safe within the Veil ;  
In Life, and Death, in *Hope*, sweet Peace I found,  
And dy'd in *Hope* to be with Glory crown'd.

## LXXVII.

Under FAITH and HOPE, in a CIRCLE SNAKE.  
Friends murmur not, I you exhort,  
In *Faith* and *Hope* be strong ;  
The Troubles of this Life are short,  
*Eternity* is long.

\* The Selector and Inscriber of an Epitaph are to observe here (once for all) that *her* and *she* must be inscribed, instead of *be* and *his*, in the Application of many of the Epitaphs, to the *Female*, instead of the *Male*; and to be careful, whenever they *transcribe* or *inscribe* from the Book, to do it with *Exactness*.

P A R T II.  
CONTAINING  
CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPHS,

OF VARIOUS LENGTHS, ON DIVERS CHARACTERS IN LIFE, AS  
FATHERS, MOTHERS, HUSBANDS, WIVES, YOUNG  
MEN, YOUNG WOMEN, INFANTS,  
AND A GREAT VARIETY OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTERS.

ON FATHERS.

ON A PENITENT AND LONG-AFFLICTED FATHER, BY  
HIS SON.

[Inscribed on a monumental Stone, in St. OSWALD'S Church-  
yard, in the City of CHESTER.]

I.

MY long-afflicted Father dear,  
Whose gross, material Part lies here,

At length has ta'en his flight ;  
In Christ redeem'd, whose Spirit's Pow'r  
Hath sav'd him in the trying Hour,  
Into a World of Light.

Yet still he shall (tho' dead) proclaim  
The Truth in his Redeemer's Name :

Turn not your Ears away,  
Ye thoughtless Souls, he calls on you ;  
Believe th' important Accents true,

While thus ye hear him say :

" Death (thro' Disease) hath struck the Stroke,

" My slender Thread of Life is broke :

" Reader to thee I cry,

" One sudden Stroke may snatch thee hence

" From all the Joys of Flesh and Sense,

Therefore prepare to die.

" O Sons

" O Sons of Adam, know your Fall,  
" And seeing *Grace* extends to ALL,  
" Cast all your Sins away :  
" Repent, believe, be BORN AGAIN,  
" Or all your flatt'ring Hopes are vain  
" To reign in endless Day."

Those who with an Abstract of the above, need only take the two last Stanzas, omitting the inverted Commas.

## II.

## ANOTHER.

Here, o'er a virtuous Father's Dust,  
We leave a Stone to tell,  
He so on Earth fulfill'd his Trust,  
As now in Heav'n to dwell :  
" So that altho' we feel the Loss  
" Of this so dear a Friend,  
" His Life well-spent while here he was,  
" Hath gain'd a better End." \*

\* See HOLT's Epitaph, HACKETT's Col. I, Page 26.

## III.

## ANOTHER.

Here lies a Father, who on Earth  
Was neither rich nor great ;  
Yet what he left, surpass'd in worth  
A Nobleman's Estate.  
To all who knew him it was giv'n,  
And is a Fortune ample ;  
Better than House or Land (thank Heav'n)  
It was—a *good Example*.

## IV.

## ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

His Virtues deserve to be left on Record,  
He was pious, and just, and a Man of his Word,  
And he train'd up his Sons in the Fear of the Lord.  
Industrious,

Industrious, and frugal, with Competence blest,  
But of all the good Things that this Father possess'd  
And bequeath'd to his Sons—his *Example's* the best.

## V.

ANOTHER.

Father, farewell, in peaceful Slumbers rest,  
Secure of thy Reward among the Blest ;  
Thy greatest Treasure in thy Life we see,  
And rich and blest are they that follow thee.

## VI.

ANOTHER,

(By HIMSELF)

Farewel, my dear and faithful Wife,  
My Sons and Daughters too,  
Tho' never in this mortal Life  
Again you must me view ;  
Close in our Saviour's Foot-steps tread,  
Of Love divine possess'd,  
And when you're number'd with the Dead,  
Your Souls will be at rest.

## VII.

ANOTHER,

(By a SON.)

Sacred to thee, and Virtue, much-lov'd Sire,  
These Lines shall stand a Tribute due to Worth ;  
Which all who knew, must reverence and admire,  
And all who imitate, are blest on Earth.

## VIII.

ANOTHER.

Here rests the sacred Dust of one whose Name  
Was by his Virtues honour'd, and well known ;  
A Father,

A Father, whose whole Life was one great Aim  
To make his Children's Virtues like his own.  
This Tribute to his Memory they owe,  
And here in Tears, with grateful Hearts present,  
While filial Love alleviates filial Woe,  
And softens fun'ral Anguish to Content.

---

## IX.

## ANOTHER.

O'er a loving Father here,  
Nature bids us drop a Tear,  
Nature's Dictates we obey,  
And the grateful Tribute pay :  
O'er his Life, and good Advice,  
Grace commands us to rejoice ;  
True to God, and Nature's Call,  
We rejoice—but mourn his Fall.

---

## ON MOTHERS.

## X.

## ON A VIRTUOUS MOTHER.

Resign'd to God, we here to Earth commend,  
A tender Mother, and a constant Friend ;  
Blest are the Daughters who such Mothers have  
As smile in Death, and triumph o'er the Grave.

---

## XI.

## ON A MOTHER, dying rather young.

To her Children ever loving,  
Kind and faithful to her Mate,  
Ever all that's good approving,  
All that's evil prone to hate :

E

Woman,



Woman, mark the Line of Duty,  
Strongly in her Life exprest ;  
Neither trust to Youth nor Beauty,  
If at last you would be blest.

---

## XII.

On a virtuous MOTHER, by an affectionate DAUGHTER.  
You who've lost a virtuous Mother,  
Faithful Friend, and Guardian true,  
Come, for how can any other  
Sympathise with me, like you ?  
You who have so great a Treasure,  
Praise it while it is possesst ;  
I, alas ! have lost that Pleasure ;  
But—the Will of God is best.

---

## XIII.

On a pious and dutiful MOTHER.  
Here lies that (lately) fruitful Vine,  
Whose Branches flourish still,  
Receiving from a Source divine,  
Virtue and heav'nly Skill.  
How great her Honour now must be,  
Her Happiness how vast,  
The Bliss of whose blest Progeny  
Eternally will last !

---

## On HUSBANDS.

## XIV.

On a tender and loving HUSBAND.  
Here lies a Husband who was kind,  
And of a tender, loving Mind ;

He

He liv'd a Life of faithful Love,  
In hope to live in Heav'n above.

---

## XV.

On a highly accomplished HUSBAND.

The Man whom Death hath snatch'd from me,  
Was blest with Love and Constancy ;  
The Virtues that adorn'd his Mind  
Were of the most exalted Kind ;  
His piercing Wit and Genius bright,  
Yielded the most refin'd Delight ;  
In short, such Virtues he possess  
As always make a Woman blest :  
This Tribute to his Praise I owe ;  
But how unspeakable my Woe !  
The Loss of so much Excellence  
'Tis only Heav'n can recompense.

---

## XVI.

On a pious, faithful, and loving one (by his affectionate WIFE.)  
Tho' Earth be here to Earth consign'd,  
We still are one in Heart ;  
Those whom the Lord in Love hath join'd,  
Not even Death can part.

---

## XVII.

ANOTHER.

If heav'nly Minds with Heav'n are one,  
His (happy Soul) to Heav'n is gone ;  
Resign'd, while I expecting stay,  
O may my future Conduct say,  
My Saviour and my faithful Love,  
I follow to the Realms above.

## XVIII.

ANOTHER.

Dear, loving, faithful Partner, now farewell,  
With whom it was my Happiness to dwell,  
With whom I was united, Heart with Heart;  
From whom it is so painful thus to part :  
Yet shall the gracious Hand that took thee hence  
By Love divine, thy Absence recompence ;  
Prepare me for the Bliss thou hast, and then  
Eternity unite us both again.



## XIX.

ANOTHER.

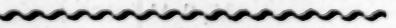
Sharer of my former Woes,  
Partner of my former Joys ;  
Here, in silent Peace repose,  
Till the Lord shall bid thee rise.



## XX.

ANOTHER.

Hast thou seen the faithful Dove  
Of its constant Mate depriv'd,  
Loose the true connubial Love  
Nature form'd, and God contriv'd ?  
If thou hast, thou drop'st a Tear  
'Midst the ruin'd Joys of Life,  
O'er a faithful Husband here,  
Parted from a loving Wife.



## XXI.

ANOTHER.

If Virtue could preserve, or Friendship save,  
A faithful, loving Husband from the Grave,  
He had not dy'd, nor I, of him bereft,  
Been here a lonely, mournful Widow left :

Yet

Yet shall not even Death our Souls disjoin,  
 Tho' hence remov'd, his Soul's still one with mine,  
 And will for ever be (I hope) in Realms divine. }

---

On WIVES.

---

## XXII.

On a remarkably beautiful, and pious WIFE.

My Wife was of angelic Race  
 For Beauty, Virtue, Wit, and Love ;  
 And now she's gone to take her Place,  
 Among her Relatives—above.

~~~~~

 XXIII.

DITTO, IN BRIEF.

My Wife was of angelic Race,
 She's gone to Heav'n—her native Place:

~~~~~

 XXIV.

On a peaceful and virtuous WIFE.

“ Here rests in Dust  
 Till second Life,”  
 A faithful, just,  
 And virtuous Wife :  
 Ye Fair be like her, if you'd be  
 In Life and Death as blest as she.

N. B. The first four Lines may be written in two.

~~~~~

 XXV.

On a prudent and virtuous WIFE.

Praise to my Wife is justly due,
 She prov'd this Maxim to be true ;
 The richest Portion with a Wife,
 Is *Prudence* and a virtuous Life.

XXVI.

ANOTHER.

Meek and gentle was her Spirit,
Prudence did her Life adorn,
Modest, she disclaim'd all Merit ;
Tell me, am not I forlorn ?
Yet I must, I will resign her,
She's in better Hands than mine,
But I hope again to join her,
In the Realms of Love divine.



XXVII.

ANOTHER.

I have been rich, and now am poor ;
Ask you the Reason why ?
My prudent Wife is now no more,
That Source of Wealth and Joy.



XXVIII.

On a beautiful WIFE dying in CHILD-BIRTH.

Reader, behold, and drop a Tear,
Beauty's Remains lie bury'd here ;
Nature profuse of Beauty's Store,
Here gave—till she could give no more :
But Heav'n, which lent the transient Boon,
Hath bid her Sun go down at Noon ;
With Charms Meridian, half enjoy'd,
In Sorrow she brought forth, and dy'd.
Ye Fair, since her's may be your Case,
Forget the Beauties of the Face ;
Go first in Virtue's Paths and tread,
Then safely mingle with the Dead ;
And you'll with Sister Seraph's join,
Where Heav'n's resurgent Glories shine.

XXIX.

XXIX.

On an amiable and dearly-beloved WIFE, by an affectionate
HUSBAND.

How precious are the Tears that steal
From Hearts that Love's Affection feel !
They who such tender Hearts possess,
Freely their Sentiments confess ;
Their Actions do their Tears commend,
Whene'er they mourn a dying Friend :
Yet, not devoid of Hope, they mourn
O'er Death, the Grave, and Friendship's Urn ;
They mourn—but how shall I express
Their sympathetical Distress ?
In short, dear Wife, distress'd like me,
They mourn their Friends—as I do thee.

XXX.

ANOTHER.

Kind Heav'n, what thou in Love hast lent,
Submissive I resign ;
A Life, in thy good Service spent,
That was, and still is thine.
Make me content, so shall I be,
Still one with her, and one with thee.

On either HUSBANDS or WIVES.

XXXI.

On one dying rather SUDDENLY.

TIME swept, by his o'erwhelming Tide,
My faithful Partner from my Side ;
And you of your's depriv'd may be,
As unexpectedly as me ;
Set then your Hearts on Things above,
Death soon will end all mortal Love.

XXXII.

XXXII.

ANOTHER,

Designed to be inscribed under an HOUR-GLASS, or TROPHY
of TIME.

Husbands and Wives, this Emblem view,
Time's Glass is running now for you,
And none can tell beneath the Sun,
How soon his Glass will cease to run ;
But all know this, that Death's keen Dart
Will soon the dearest Couple part ;
Therefore prepare (thro' Grace divine)
Meekly each other to resign ;
You'll part without much Sorrow then,
Only to meet in Bliss again.

XXXIII.

On a faithful and penitent SON or DAUGHTER of AFFLICTION.
Beneath this Stone the mortal Part is laid,

Of one who bore Affliction's heavy Rod ;
In Faith and Patience (thanks to heav'nly Aid)
And dy'd as he had liv'd—resign'd to God.
Christian, in Faith and Patience persevere,
This Life's Afflictions shortly will be o'er ;
The Joys of Heav'n are lasting and sincere,
And all those Joys are thine for evermore.

XXXIV.

ANOTHER.

In Patience great he bore the Cross
Of stern Affliction's Frown,
And counted all Things here but lost,
To wear in Heav'n a Crown.

XXXVI.

XXXV.

ANOTHER.

In heavy Affliction
This Christian did prove,
God's Rod of Correction
Proceeds from his Love.

XXXVI.

On one who earnestly longed for IMMORTALITY.—Addressed
to his or her surviving RELATIONS.

To those who a blest Immortality gain,
It is sure a great Blessing to die,
And if Death puts an End to all Sorrow and Pain,
It is sure the Beginning of Joy :
Then grieve not my Friends, that my Soul is releas'd,
For 'tis but where it long wish'd to be ;
My Grievs are all gone, and my Joys are increas'd,
And I beg you'll rejoice over me.

XXXVII.

On one who sought and found the Lord.

Ye Seekers of the Lord, draw near
To one who found his Love ;
Still hope, believe, and persevere,
And you with me shall prove.
“ He passeth all our Follies by,
“ And all our Sins forgives,
“ His Wrath doth in a Moment die,
“ His Love for ever lives.”

On YOUNG MEN.

XXXVIII.

SPRIGHTLY Youth, whoe'er thou art
That stop'st to read this Stone,

Thou

Thou art as certain to depart ;
How soon is quite unknown.
Then think upon the Lord betimes,
Fear, love, and serve him too,
So shalt thou 'scape the Guilt of Crimes
The Thoughtless fall into :
And having felt that Peace within
The World can never give,
With thee to leave this World of Sin,
Will be with Christ to live.

XXXIX.

On a pious YOUTH.—(By HIMSELF.)

Giddy Youth, a Moment stay,
Pass not heedless by my Tomb ;
Whither, thoughtless, wou'dst thou stray
From thy heav'nly Father's home ?
Thou wast born in Heav'n to live ;
Thou art born on Earth to die ;
In Exchange what canst thou give
For thy Soul, and heav'nly Joy ?
Sin and Grace address thy Choice,
Thou to one thine Heart must give ;
To thy Saviour's heav'nly Voice
Hearken, and thy Soul shall live.

XL.

On a promising YOUTH.

Say, sprightly Youth, dost thou on Life presume,
Observe the Date, and tremble at this Tomb ;
To Health, nor Strength, nor youthful Vigour trust,
Behold ! here Death has laid them in the Dust.

XLI.

On one dying suddenly, in the PRIME of LIFE. .
His Strength much resembled the Firmness of Oak,
And his Health the gay Verdure of May;
But Death cut him down in full Bloom, at a Stroke,
To admonish the Healthy and Gay.



XLII.

On a YOUTH remarkable for the BRIGHTNESS of his PARTS,
and the GOODNESS of his DISPOSITION.
Here lie the Relicks of a lovely Youth,
With Love of Learning blest, and Love of Truth;
Quick to discern, well able to retain,
Tho' apt to learn, yet not of Learning vain;
Meek, tho' courageous—modest, tho' refin'd,
In Sickness peaceful, and in Death resign'd.
Farewel, dear Youth, to heav'nly Regions go,
Thou wast too bright a Star to shine below.



XLIII.

Blest with Love of Truth and Learning,
Lib'ral Heart, and noble Aim;
Here behold a Youth returning
To the Dust, from whence all came.
Vice by him was much detested,
Virtue was his chief Delight;
Hence when Death the Youth arrested,
Heav'nly Prospects cheer'd his Sight.
Rich in Grace, and Gifts so ample,
Candidates for heav'nly Joy;
You may learn by his Example,
How to live, and how to die.

XLIV.

XLIV.

On a VIGOROUS, but VIRTUOUS YOUTH.

Here his Race of Life is ended
Honourably, but shortly run ;
Now the happy Soul's ascended,
And the heav'nly Prize is won.
Earthly Things are transitory,
Virtue's Paths, dear Youth pursue ;
Life is short, but heav'nly Glory
Everlasting ! ever new !

XLV.

On a PIOUS YOUTH.—Addressed to his PARENTS, by a near
RELATION, or intimate FRIEND.

Say parental Fondness, why
Flows that Tear, and heaves that Sigh ?
Are not Heav'n-born Minds at Rest ?
And when hence departed, blest ?
Kiss your heav'nly Father's Rod,
Dry your Tears, and honour God.

XLVI.

On a DUTIFUL SON.

Here let a Parent fond inscribe a Stone,
The last frail Tribute to a duteous Son ;
And Nature's Weakness strength'd from above,
In meek Submission own, that God *is* LOVE.

XLVII.

Gifts of Grace, and Love of Learning,
Yearly in this Youth combin'd ;
Blest with Intellects discerning,
Open Heart, and virtuous Mind :
Hence his tender Parents grieving,
Leave this Tribute on his Stone ;

Humbly

Humbly hoping, and believing,
God in Christ accepts their Son.

XLVIII.

On a SCHOOL-BOY.—Addressed to his surviving SCHOOL-FELLOWS (supposed to have been buried near the SCHOOL.)

Come my Partners, once so loving,
You with whom I used to play ;
Now desist a while from roving,
And attend what I shall say :
I was once as wild and thoughtless
As yourselves, ye know it well ;
But how far from being faultless,
Let our School Correction tell.
But when Pain and Sickness caught me,
And the Fear of Death did rule,
I had more true Wisdom taught me
Then I ever learn'd at School.
God then taught me how to fear him,
Trust, and love, and praise him too ;
Then to dwell, he took me near him,
Where I long to see all you.
But if ever you're admitted
Into those blest Realms above,
You must by his Grace be filled ;
Fear him, yea, and find his Love.
O be warn'd from Sin and Folly,
Learn the Art of living well ;
And when he has made you holy,
You in Heav'n with me shall dwell.

XLIX.

DITTO, IN BRIEF.

The School-boy's remov'd to the Regions above,
To be taught to Perfection divine,

F

The

The Wisdom of Angels, the Science of Love,
And the heav'nly Arcana sublime!

On YOUNG WOMEN.

L.

On a young VIRGIN.

YE Virgins with Sorrow approach to my Shrine,
For all your gay Beauty will soon be as mine;
Then think on your Souls, and contemplate with Joy
On the Beauties that bloom in the Regions on high.

LI.

On a remarkably BEAUTIFUL one.

Unfit for Sight, beneath this Stone is laid,
Whate'er was mortal of a beauteous Maid.
Death has the lovely fair one now disarm'd,
Whose blooming Features ev'ry Bosom warm'd:
Alas! the Form that pleas'd so well before,
Is now grown frightful, and can please no more:
You'd start and tremble now the Change to see,
But know that you must soon as frightful be.
Trust not to Beauty, listen to a Friend,
And prize those mental Charms which ne'er shall end.

LII.

On a blooming VIRGIN cut off in her PRIME, by sudden Sickness and Death.

Fair and blooming Yesterday,
Now a loathsome Corpse I lie;
See how Beauty fades away,
O prepare, prepare to die.

LIII.

LIII.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

This blooming Virgin's sudden Fall,
On you, her Sex, does loudly call,
To think upon your fickle State,
And turn before it be too late,
From Folly, Vanity, and Vice;
O take a dying Friend's Advice:
Why should you think that Death will be
More merciful to you than she?
Death call'd for her To-day, 'tis true,
To-morrow—he may call for you.



LIV.

On a gay and thoughtless young WOMAN, cut off rather
SUDDENLY.

Blooming Virgins, young and charming,
Think on my untimely Fate;
Sudden Death is most alarming,
At my Tomb come meditate.
Yesterday I liv'd in Splendour,
Thoughtless of my sudden Change;
I, To-day, my Life surrender;
O the dread Transition, strange!
O ye thoughtless Fair! remember
Life's a Scene of transient Joy;
Like the Sun-shine in December,
Short to last, and soon to die.
Take a friendly Admonition,
O my short-liv'd Sister, gay;
Think upon your frail Condition,
And prepare for Death To-day.

LV.

On a simple and beautiful COUNTRY MAID, supppsed to live
in great Obscurity, and die SUDDENLY.

Didst thou ever see the Lilly,
 Blooming in an humble Vale;
Lonely Tenant of the Valley,
 No one near its Sweets t' enhale?
Hast thou seen swift Inundation
 Sweep away its virgin Pride?
Then thou'st seen her Fate and Station;
 Thus she liv'd, and thus she dy'd.
But a stronger Emblem's wanted,
 Her blest Soul to represent;
Which by Death, is but transplanted
 Into Heav'n, to bloom and scent.

LVI.

On a pious VIRGIN.—(Designed for a HEAD-STONE.)
The Form beneath this verdant Sod,
Was once devoted to its God;
Now, having lost its vital Breath,
It lies devoted here to Death:
But that blest Spirit which inspir'd,
And made the Form so much admir'd,
And did so well its Parts controul,
In Blifs still lives—a lovely Soul.

LVII.

On a remarkable TOWN BEAUTY, unexpectedly cut off in her
PRIME.

Ye blooming fair ones, mark the Date;
 She once was gay, like you:
Her Form with Beauty was replete,
 But see what Death can do!

No sooner did this beauteous Flow'r
 To full Perfection come,
 Than cruel Death display'd his Pow'r,
 And stript her of her Bloom.
 Ye Fair, provoke not God to frown,
 From Folly's Paths retreat ;
 The Admiration of the Town
 Lies here—beneath your Feet !

~~~~~  
 LVIII.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

" O ponder well" her sudden Fall,  
 Ye thoughtless, blooming Virgins all ;  
 Ye little think, who read this Stone,  
 How soon the Case may be your own.

~~~~~  
 LIX.

ANOTHER.

Blooming fair one, view thy Lot ;
 Beauty here is soon forgot ;
 To thy Saviour's Bosom fly,
 Seek those Charms that never die.

~~~~~  
 LX.

On a gay and beautiful young VIRGIN, dying at any Age between 12 and 21.

Read these few Lines, and mark them well,  
 At ——— Years of Age she fell ;  
 In Beauty bright, and Splendour gay,  
 So blooms, so falls, the Flow'r of May :  
 In her let Youth and Beauty see,  
 How short their Date on Earth may be.

## LXI.

ANOTHER.

This short-liv'd Plant had shone in Beauty's Pride;  
 Gaily it bloom'd—but in the blooming dy'd:  
 Learn from her Death, how frail are mortal Things;  
 Thus Virgins bloom, and fall—and thus great Kings.

## LXII.

On a pious young MAID.

Dear Maid, tho' short her Life did last,  
 This Honour shall adorn her Tomb;  
 She prais'd the Lord for all that's past,  
 And trusted him for all to come.

## LXIII.

On a beautiful and virtuous WOMAN.

The Charms of her Person were many and great,  
 Not forc'd, but the free Gifts of Nature;  
 And the charms of her Mind made her Beauty complete,  
 For they were (if possible) greater!  
 If thou'rt with such Gifts and such Graces endow'd  
 As she, who is just gone before thee,  
 Adore thy Great Maker, and never be proud,  
 But give him the Praise and the Glory:  
 And when he shall call thee thy Charms to resign,  
 To complete all his Bounty hath giv'n,  
 He'll take thee to Regions immortal, divine,  
 And Beauty eternal, in Heav'n.

## LXIV.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

If Beauty forms a lovely Face,  
 And Virtue makes a lovely Mind,

A Woman

A Woman blest with so much Grace,  
You scarcely in an Age will find.

---

## LXV.

## ANOTHER.

Her beauteous Form by few surpass'd,  
Was in a lovely Model cast ;  
And, to her Mind such Grace was giv'n,  
As qualifies a Soul for Heav'n.

---

## LXVI.

On a pious and obscure MAID, who lived a retired Life.  
The Maid that lies beneath this humble Stone,  
Dy'd to the World, and liv'd a Life unknown ;  
When such a Life's a Pleasure, not a Pain,  
All worldly Loss becomes eternal Gain.

---

## LXVII.

On a pious, but traduced MAIDEN LADY.  
If decent Dress becomes a Saint,  
And Modesty a Maid,  
And Charity, without Restraint,  
Is Proof of heav'nly Aid :  
The Wicked have in her no Ground :  
To charge Hypocrisy ;  
And she'll in Judgment's-day be found :  
What here she seem'd to be !

---

## LXVIII.

On a young and remarkably pious VIRGIN.  
The Lord who once from Heav'n came,  
For Sin to bleed and smart,  
Kindled a bright celestial Flame  
In this young Virgin's Heart ;

Which :

Which burn'd up all terrestrial Love,  
 And well prepar'd the Fair;  
 To mingle with the Blaze above,  
 And shine for ever there.

LXIX.

On a dearly beloved DAUGHTER.

Fair and beauteous, young and gay,  
 Here she falls to Death a Prey;  
 Bright and glorious, good and wise,  
 There she mounts to yonder Skies:  
 There to reign in Bliss above,  
 Perfect Peace, and perfect Love.  
 Let not then the Tear of Woe  
 Down thy Cheek, dear Parent, flow;  
 Rather let thy Life's Decline,  
 Praise that Providence divine,  
 Which, from such a World as this,  
 Took thy Child to heav'nly Bliss.

LXX.

On a LADY fond of rural Retirement and contemplative  
 Pleasures.

This Nymph delighted in the rural Scene;  
 Elysian Prospects cheer'd her thoughtful Sou!  
 The Springs, gay Morn, the Summer's Eve serene,  
 Conspir'd the roving Fancy to controul.  
 The sprightly Passion of the Groves inspir'd  
 Her warm Devotion to the Great Supreme,  
 Whose Love she felt, and whose great Works admir'd,  
 As thro' this Life she pass'd a pleasing Dream.  
 And when the Day of Life was nearly spent,  
 And mortal Pain presented Death in View,  
 On Contemplation's Wing her Spirit went,  
 And calmly bade the transient Scene adieu.

O ye

O ye gay Fair, whose "one great Business here",  
Is to adorn your Bodies, and be gay;  
Return, and seek, like her, the Joy sincere,  
That proves a Prelude to eternal Day.

---

On either MARRIED or SINGLE Persons.

---

LXXI.

On a young PERSON dying penitent, after a thoughtless, dissipated Life.

YE young and gay, a Moment stay,  
My Epitaph to read;  
You soon must lie as low as I,  
Then O prepare with Speed.  
In Life's short Race, and Folly's Chace,  
If Death should cut you down,  
How will you bear God's Wrath severe,  
Or stand before his Frown?  
Repent betimes, forsake your Crimes,  
Let Conscience be your Test;  
And then, when Death shall stop your Breath,  
You'll be for ever blest.

---

LXXII.

On a thankful PERSON dying in TRIUMPH.

Great is the Lord in Love and Pow'r,  
And great in Wisdom too;  
He can the Dead to Life restore,  
He maketh all Things new!  
And when immortal I arise,  
By his supreme Command,  
I hope to praise him in the Skies,  
And dwell at his right Hand.

LXXIII.



## LXXIII.

On a pious FATHER, MOTHER, SON, DAUGHTER, HUSBAND, WIFE, &c.

The Lord who gave, hath ta'en away ;  
 I will with Resignation say,  
 He hath a Right his Gifts to claim,  
 And blessed be his holy Name :  
 His Will be done, his Will is best,  
 Come Life, or Death, my Son \* is blest.

\* Instead of Son, say Father's blest, Mother's blest, Daughter's blest, Husband's blest, Wife is blest, Child is blest.

---

 On I N F A N T S.
 

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## LXXIV.

SHORT as my infant Life did last,  
 It much resembles thine ;  
 Thy longer Date, when once 'tis past,  
 Will seem as short as mine.

---

 LXXV.

Mourn not my transient Stay on Earth,  
 My Life surpassed thine in Worth ;  
 I have not liv'd so long, 'tis true,  
 But then—I never sinn'd like you.

---

 LXXVI.

Short was my Life on Earth, 'tis true ;  
 But had I longer liv'd,  
 In estimating Life, like you,  
 I might have been deceiv'd.  
 Mine was a Life of Innocence,  
 But your's a Life of Sin ;  
 And now I leave to common Sense,  
 Whose Life the best has been.

## LXXVII.

## LXXVII.

On a remarkably beautiful CHILD.

As sweet a Child as e'er drew vital Breath,  
Here lies a Prey to fell \* Disease and Death;  
But God permits our dearest Child to go,  
To wean our Hearts from all Things here below,  
That we might fix them upon Things above,  
And follow him to Realms of endless Love.

\* The Small-pox.

## LXXVIII.

On ditto, in BRIEF.

If suff'ring Innocence demands a Tear,  
Ye that have Hearts of Pity—drop it here.

## LXXIX.

Once lovely and dearly belov'd,  
This Grave doth an Infant inclose;  
Whose Spirit, we trust, is remov'd  
From Pain, to eternal Repose.

## LXXX.

ANOTHER.

Since God to take my Child thought fit,  
I'll be content to part from it;  
Because I know his heav'nly Grace  
Will fit it for a better Place.

## LXXXI.

On an INFANT BOY.

Sweet innocency's Form lies here,  
Lamented by its Parents dear;  
Who hope at last, in endless Joy,  
To meet again their lovely Boy.

## LXXXII.

## LXXXII.

Lamented by parental Love,  
 Dear much-lov'd Form, farewell,  
 Till we shall meet in Heav'n above,  
 Where endless Pleasures dwell.

## LXXXIII.

For a HEAD-STONE.

Beneath this silent verdant Sod,  
 An Infant's Relicks lie;  
 Whose Spirit now is gone to God,  
 And everlasting Joy.  
 When Judgment's dreadful Trump shall blow,  
 And set Earth's Pris'ners free,  
 Thousands shall wish they'd liv'd below,  
 As free from Sin as he. \*

\* Or she.

## LXXXIV.

On a dearly-beloved CHILD.

Parent, if e'er thou felt the keen Distress,  
 To lose a Jewel thou didst once possess;  
 Which in this Life thou never more must see,  
 Thy sympathising Soul will pity me:  
 The Gem that now this Grave, alas! confines,  
 Was more to me than all Peruvian Mines;  
 But God who gives, and wisely takes away,  
 Alike in both his Goodness doth display:  
 Sure he who took me from my Jewel bright,  
 Foresaw I should not polish it aright.

## LXXXV.

Parent lament not o'er thy Child,  
 To God's Decree be reconcil'd;

The

The Spirit from this body fled,  
Will gain a better in its Stead.

---

## LXXXVI.

On an INFANT GIRL.

Ye modern Fair, who e'er you be,  
This Truth we can aver ;  
A Lesson of Humility  
You all may learn from her.  
She had what none of you can boast,  
(With all your Wit and Sense)  
She had what you, alas ! have lost,  
And that was—*Innocence*.

---

## LXXXVII.

Lifeless Infant tho' I be,  
You may learn one Truth from me ;  
Think whene'er you see this Spot,  
You have finn'd—but I have not.

---

## LXXXVIII.

Tho' Forms of Love and Innocence  
To Earth here fade away,  
Their happy Spirits once gone hence,  
Find Forms that ne'er decay.

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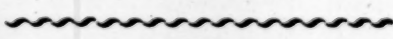
## LXXXIX.

If you're disposed to weep for Sinners dead,  
About this Infant trouble not your Head ;  
Reserve your Grief for one of riper Years ;  
He that has never finn'd, can want no Tears.

## XC.

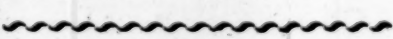
On an Infant dying at its BIRTH.

Lovely Infant, short-liv'd Creature,  
Born to die e'en at thy Birth ;  
O how frail is human Nature,  
See how soon it turns to Earth.  
But what Crowds in Years declining,  
Do we daily hear and see,  
Live in Pain, and wish, repining,  
They had dy'd as soon as thee.



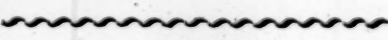
## XCI.

We o'er our dying Infants mourn ;  
We rather should rejoice ;  
They innocent to God return,  
And 'scape a World of Vice.



## XCII.

Offspring of connubial Love,  
Go and take thy Place above ;  
Thou art free with Christ to dwell,  
Christ who conquer'd Death and Hell,  
And Redemption wrought for thee,  
By his Grace divinely free :  
Go and dwell in Bliss divine,  
Form of Love and Wisdom shine ;  
Angels will thy Guardians be,  
Guardians better far than we.



## XCIII.

Blest be the Will of Providence,  
That took my Child in Innocence :  
Thus may a Moment's Grief prevent  
Whole Years of mournful Punishment.



On various MORAL and RELIGIOUS CHARACTERS.

## XCIV.

On a Person strong in FAITH—(Supposed to die rejoicing in  
HOPE of the GLORY of GOD.)

REJOICE, ye Faithful, o'er this Grave,  
Christ here hath shewn his Pow'r to save;  
This faithful Christian when he dy'd,  
Triumphant Hallelujah! cry'd:  
Ye who such Fruits of Faith deny,  
Will shortly covet so to die.

## XCV.

On a RESIGNED MAN.—(Written before DEATH.)

I've tasted of Pleasure, I've tasted of Pain,  
And found by Experience, this Life is but vain;  
So now I take Leave of its Sorrow and Joy,  
For God hath appointed that all Men must die:  
And seeing 'tis meant with a gracious Design,  
My natural Body to Dust I resign,  
In hope when my Soul shall ascend to the Skies,  
I shall in a spiritual Body arise.

## XCVI.

ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

Faith, Hope, and Resignation fill'd his Breast;  
Good Ground we therefore have, to think he's blest.

## XCVII.

On one dying in PEACE, after a LIFE of TROUBLE and  
DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Disappointments I have met,  
Have many been, and great;  
But 'tis thro' these we all must get  
A happy future State.

Look forward to thy latter End,  
 Forget thy Troubles past,  
 Lest thou art disappointed, Friend,  
 Of going to Heav'n at last.

~~~~~  
 XCVIII.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

Tho' num'rous Ills did me surround,
 I have by blest Experience found,
 The Love of God's the sov'reign Cure
 For ev'ry Ill Mankind endure.

~~~~~  
 XCIX.

On a Person deeply convinced of the VANITY of EARTHLY ENJOYMENTS.—(Supposed to be written by HIM or HERSELF.)

Reader, a friendly Caution take,  
 Here giv'n, for thy Contentment's Sake:  
 Be not in love with earthly Blifs;  
 Why shouldst thou love a World like this?  
 Experience tells thee ev'ry Day,  
 All earthly Blifs flies swift away;  
 More thou pursu'ft it, thou shalt see  
 Thou fly'ft from it, and it from thee;  
 These very Lines will wear away,  
 This Stone itself will soon Decay;  
 But Heav'n has Blifs that will endure,  
 Which those that turn to God ensure:  
 Turn then to God, without Delay;  
 To Blifs, there is no other Way.

~~~~~  
 C.

On one who had been CONVERTED from MODERN INFIDELITY.—(By HIMSELF.)

Ye modern Unbelievers all,
 Behold a Proof of Adam's Fall;

Death

Death proves the Word of God is true,
 And dreadful Proof 'twill be to you,
 If you'll not own while here you've Breath,
 The Wages of your Sin—is Death;
 And that you want (as well as I)
 A Cure for Sin, before you die:
 For Proofs and Signs no longer call,
 Death proves the Guilt of Sin to ALL.

~~~~~

CI.

ON A SOBER, LIBERAL, and PRUDENT MAN.

Sober, tho' lib'ral, and tho' prudent, just,  
 Trusty, tho' cautious whom he ought to trust;  
 He pass'd through Life respected and admir'd,  
 To that blest Kingdom he so much desir'd.

~~~~~

CII.

ANOTHER.

He, in an Age of wild Excess,
 When Drunkenness was rife,
 By Prudence warded off Distress,
 And liv'd a sober Life.
 Those who the dire Reverse prefer,
 (Whene'er they read this Stone)
 Shall blush to see his Character
 So far unlike their own.

~~~~~

CIII.

ON AN INGENUOUS CHRISTIAN.

By God's just Law condemn'd was I,  
 An everlasting Death to die;  
 But *he* in Mercy infinite,  
 Indulg'd me with a kind Respite;  
 Prepar'd me for a better Place,  
 And sav'd me—by an *A&B* of Grace!

## CIV.

ANOTHER.

By the Mercy of God I was call'd in my Youth,  
 To be blest in the *Marriage of Goodness and Truth* :  
 The Call I obey'd ; but in Truth I must say,  
 That *Evil*, and *False*, much obstructed my Way ;  
 Yet I found in Obedience, much Help from above,  
 Which effected Conjunction with *Wisdom and Love* :  
 Thou likewise art call'd, be obedient my Friend,  
 Follow me to the Bliss that shall ne'er have an End !

## CV.

ANOTHER.

An Heart (by Nature) prone to ev'ry Ill,  
 An Understanding dark, a stubborn Will,  
 Were all transform'd in him by Grace divine :  
 This was his Cause of Triumph—what is thine ?

ANOTHER

## CVI.

Ye, Moses and the Prophets have,  
 Give ear to what they've said ;  
 Or neither will you us believe,  
 “ Tho' one rose from the Dead.”

## CVII.

ANOTHER.

To tell the Reader thou must die,  
 And turn to Dust as well as I,  
 Is to inform thee of no more  
 Than thou hast heard, and known before :  
 But hast thou well consider'd it ?  
 If not, stay, meditate a bit,  
 And th' important Subject dwell,  
 Till thou'st resolv'd—on living well.

CVIII.

## CVIII.

Child of fall'n Adam, why  
Stop'ft thou here to cast an Eye?  
What canst thou expect in me,  
More than thou shalt shortly be?  
But since thou'lt soon lie as low,  
Take one Caution ere you go;  
Let not Earth's delusive Toys,  
Rob thy Soul of heav'nly Joys.

---

## CIX.

On one dying SUDDENLY.

By sudden Death I'm snatch'd away,  
Death scarcely left me Time to say,  
The Lord have Mercy on my Soul!  
So absolute is his Controul!  
Reflect when thou my Grave dost see,  
The next that's made may be for thee.

---

## CX.

ON DITTO.

What can more awful be (perhaps you say)  
Than to meet Death in such a sudden Way?  
What can more awful be! have you not heard?  
I'll tell you then—to meet him *unprepar'd*.

---

## CXI.

On a pious and thankful MAN, remarkable for renouncing  
WORLDLY DELIGHTS, and SENSUAL GRATIFICATIONS.

This Man renounc'd the World's Delights,  
And govern'd well his Appetites;  
'Twas his to render Thanks to God,  
Both for his Comforts and his Rod;  
And tho' for living by this Rule  
The World accounted him a Fool,

We



We doubt not, but at Judgment's-day,  
 Sinners will change their Notes, and say ;  
 " We now see plainly with our Eyes,  
 " Ourselves are Fools, and he is wise." \*

\* See The Book of WISDOM, Chap. 5. from Verse 1 to 5.

---

CXII.

ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

Here lies a Christian, who to gain God's Grace,  
 Renounc'd the World, liv'd well, and dy'd in Peace.

---

CXIII.

ON A SIMILAR CHARACTER.

Suppress, ye Proud, your Poor disdain,  
 Approach with Awe, ye Wits profane ;  
 A Christian lies beneath this Stone,  
 Whose Virtues God himself will own ;  
 And ev'ry Christian Friend, who knew  
 His Piety sincere and true,  
 Will sigh, and say, while reading this,  
 O that my Life were like to his !

---

CXIV.

ANOTHER.

Ask you what Kind of Man was he  
 Whose mortal Part lies here ?  
 He was (what few now choose to be)  
 A Christian most sincere.  
 Be like him while you've Life and Breath  
 (Alas ! they'll soon be gone)  
 Left in th' important Hour of Death  
 You wish that you'd been one.

CXV.

## CXV.

ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

This Man was what you'll wish to be,  
Before you lie as low as he.

---

## CXVI.

ANOTHER.

Farewel, World of Sin and Grief,  
Mean Contempt, and Pride adieu ;  
I in Christ have found Relief,  
I no more shall dwell near you.  
God hath Blifs for those above,  
Whom the World can never love.

---

## CXVII.

ON A PIOUS and PEACEABLE MAN.

Reader, if thou in Peace wouldst die,  
In Peace first learn to live ;  
This will afford thee greater Joy  
Than all the World can give.  
Those Men who barter Peace of Mind  
For earthly Cares and Toys,  
When Death draws nigh, too often find  
They've sold eternal Joys.

---

## CXVIII.

ANOTHER.

To die's the Lot of all Mankind,  
All Ages prove it true ;  
But ah ! to die in Peace, we find,  
Is but the Lot of few.  
But " Glory be to God on high,"  
He Peace to all would give ;  
And all thro' Christ in Peace might die,  
If all in Peace would live.

CXIX.

We doubt not, but at Judgment's-day,  
Sinners will change their Notes, and say ;  
“ We now see plainly with our Eyes,  
“ Ourselves are Fools, and he is wise.” \*

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He Peace to all would give ;
And all thro' Christ in Peace might die,
If all in Peace would live.

CXIX.

ANOTHER.

On Earth a peaceful Life he pass'd,
And laid him down in Peace at last,
In sure and certain Hope, that he
Should live in Peace eternally.

CXX.

ANOTHER.

In Peace he did his Soul resign
To God, who kindly gave it;
Why shou'dst not thou do so with thine?
Christ liv'd and dy'd to save it.

CXXI.

ANOTHER.

He hated all contentious Jar,
To Man that foul Disgrace;
Tho' all the World would live in War,
This Man would live in Peace.

CXXII.

ON A CONTENTED MAN.

Breathe not one discontented Sigh
For him whose Dust beneath doth lie;
Why should or Sighs or Tears be spent
On one who liv'd and dy'd content.

CXXIII.

ON A GOOD MAN, CONTENT IN LIFE, and RESIGNED IN DEATH.

God's Glory was his chief Intent,
With Good of Man combin'd;
Hence in his Life he was content,
And in his Death resign'd.

CXXIV.

CXXIV.

ANOTHER.

ON A PEACEABLE AND CONTEMPLATIVE MAN.

Oft did he meditate, in Life, on Death,
In awful, solemn Solitude retir'd ;
Solicitous to yield at last his Breath
In serious Peace, by solemn Themes inspir'd.
The busy World with all its Pomp and Noise,
Had lost o'er him its Soul-inchanting Pow'r ;
He look'd thro' earthly Bliss to heav'nly Joys,
And found the Comfort in a dying Hour.

CXXV.

ANOTHER.

Wou'dst thou escape Distraction's clam'rous Din,
And Peace possess congenial to the Mind ;
Be frequent found where this good Man hath been,
Seek as he sought, and thou art sure to find.
He sought " the Vale where Wisdom loves to dwell
" With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation
join'd ;"
Calm Peace to him was Heav'n, and Discord, Hell,
His Life was tranquil, and his Death resign'd.

CXXVI.

ON A PEACEABLE, PENITENT, and BENEVOLENT MAN.

His Soul possess'd true Peace and Rest,
Lov'd God and all Mankind,
And even in Death his vital Breath
He patiently resign'd.

CXXVII.

ANOTHER.

Patience now hath Vict'ry won ;
Peace hath sign'd the good Man's Will ;
Resignation's

Resignation's Work is done ;
 Death hath spoken the Word—be still.

~~~~~  
 CXXVIII.

ANOTHER.

When this good Man resign'd his Breath,  
 His Soul prais'd God, and welcom'd Death ;  
 Live thou his Life, if thou wou'dst find  
 In Death such blessed Peace of Mind.

~~~~~  
 CXXIX.

On one still more remarkable for steady, patient RESIGNA-
 TION IN LIFE, SICKNESS, and DEATH.

The Man whose Dust beneath is laid,
 Was sure for our Example made ;
 He, with a patient, steady Mind,
 His Soul to God in Health resign'd ;
 And e'en in Sicknefs, and in Death,
 Meekly resign'd his latest Breath :
 Like him with Resignation yield,
 And Vict'ry shall adorn thy Shield.

~~~~~  
 CXXX.

ANOTHER.

This Man was resign'd thro' the Course of his Life,  
 It sav'd him from Envy, Repining, and Strife ;  
 Resign up to God both thy Body and Soul,  
 For this of Religion thou'lt find is the Whole.

~~~~~  
 CXXXI.

On a Person remarkable for an uniform Life of CHRISTIAN
 VIRTUE.

A striking Likeness lies beneath this Stone ;
 Reader, of what thou'lt be thyself anon ;

But

But if thou wou'dst a striking Likeness see
 Of what it once has been, attentive be :
 This Corpse was once the Likeness of a Man,
 Who form'd his Life on heav'nly Wisdom's Plan ;
 Meek, gentle, kind, firm, gen'rous, just and free,
 A Likeness worthy all Mankind to see :
 Go, be as like to Christ as Mortal can,
 And then thou wilt resemble this good Man.

~~~~~  
 CXXXII.

ANOTHER,  
 (For a Tomb.)

The worthy Man whose Tomb you see,  
 Was fam'd for Uniformity  
 Of Christian Conduct, well combin'd,  
 With true Benevolence of Mind ;  
 By which he prov'd to all around,  
 His Faith was catholic, and sound.  
 Death was to him an End of Strife,  
 The Gate of everlasting Life ;  
 And if you'll Virtue's Paths pursue,  
 Then Death will be the same to you.

~~~~~  
 CXXXIII.

On a GOOD MAN, remarkable for SINCERITY.

Here lies a Man by all the Good esteem'd,
 Because they prov'd him really—what he seem'd :
 If thou wou'dst die as highly priz'd as he,
 Add to thy Virtue, true Sincerity.

~~~~~  
 CXXXIV.

ANOTHER.

This " Isr'elite, in whom there was no Guile,"  
 Approach'd the King of Terrors with a Smile :

H

Strong

Strong Hopes of Bliss his dying Words express'd ;  
 Good Reason why—it was (in Part) possess'd.

~~~~~  
 CXXXV.

On a POOR MAN, strictly HONEST, and remarkable for sincere
 and unaffected PIETY.

Here lies the Body of a greater Man
 Than worldly Riches ever yet could make,
 Or worldly Wisdom, since the World began ;
 However loud the Trump of Fame may speak.
 What tho' no worldly Riches he could boast ;
 What tho' no worldly Honours he could claim ;
 His Kindred are the glorious heav'nly Host !
 His Riches are too great to bear a Name !
 And when the great Archangel's Trump shall sound,
 And ev'ry one his just Reward receive ;
 He with eternal Glory shall be crown'd,
 And in eternal Bliss for ever live.

~~~~~  
 CXXXVI.

ANOTHER.

Ye Heroes of the World, and mighty Men,  
 For Valour, Genius, Wealth and Arts extoll'd,  
 You'll be as truly great as this Man, when  
 Your Names are in the Book of Life enroll'd :  
 But till you're by your Maker thus approv'd,  
 Your Honour's but a Puff of empty Breath,  
 However great ; or, by the World belov'd,  
 Your Names are written in the Book of Death.  
 No longer then your vaunting Selves deceive,  
 But learn th' important, awful Truth to know,  
 God never will the Proud to Heav'n receive,  
 Nor send the Humble into endless Woe.

CXXXVII.

## CXXXVII.

ON SIMILAR CHARACTERS.—(IN BRIEF.)

Religion was his chiefest Care,  
And Sin his greatest Dread ;  
Reader, like him, for Death prepare,  
A pious Man is dead.

---

## CXXXVIII.

ANOTHER.

Thus low, ye Men of Birth and Blood,  
Must all your Honours lie ;  
But you must live a Life as good,  
E're you can rise as high.

---

## CXXXIX.

ANOTHER.

His Soul ascended to the Skies,  
His Body here in Ruin lies ;  
But God in Christ his Saints will raise,  
In Bodies fit for endless Praise.

---

## CXL.

ANOTHER.

Earth take thine own, let ——— \* sleep,  
His Dust in silent Safety keep ;  
His Heav'n-born Soul rests safe above,  
Repos'd on God's eternal Love.

\* Any Name of two Syllables accented on the first.

---

## CXLI.

ANOTHER.

True Christian Men did much revere  
The pious Man whose Dust lies here ;  
And still they hope, when they remove  
From Earth, to be as blest—above.

H 2

CXLII.



## CXLII.

## ANOTHER.

The Lord hath been, and still will be,  
 The pious Man's Defence ;  
 Trust (if the World despiseth thee)  
 In his Omnipotence.

---

 On CHARITABLE and BENEVOLENT CHARACTERS.
 

---

## CXLIII.

Good Works adorn a Christian's Tomb,  
 And give the Grave a sweet Perfume ;  
 But Riches spent in Pomp and Pride,  
 To purchase Mis'ry are employ'd.

Be wise then, ye who read these Lines,  
 And mind to what your Heart inclines ;  
 Their Souls to Heav'n can never go,  
 Whose greatest Treasure lies below.

---

 CXLIV.

On a TRUE SON or DAUGHTER of CHRISTIAN COMPASSION.  
 This Christian rightly understood

The glorious Gospel Plan ;  
 For he (to shew his Love to God)  
 Shew'd Kindness unto Man.

Let all, who have it in their Pow'r,

The Gospel thus adorn,  
 And they in Death shall bless the Hour  
 That ever they were born ;

But let the Merciless take Care,  
 (Who no Compassion have)

Lest they should tremble and despair  
 When they approach the Grave.

## CXLV.

## CXLV.

ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

His bounteous Soul in Bliss is safe;  
His Life is his best Epitaph :  
Of this blest Truth would you be sure,  
Go and inquire—among the *Poor*.

---

## CXLVI.

ANOTHER.

Thousands shall wish, when they go hence,  
For half this Man's Beneficence ;  
Who now pay very small Regard  
To such good Works, and their Reward.

---

## CXLVII.

On a SIMILAR CHARACTER, but AFFLICTED.

His Neighbour as himself to love,  
And Aid, was his supreme Delight ;  
Fit Prelude to the Realms above,  
Where now he shines in Splendor bright.  
Much did he suffer here below ;  
In Body pain'd, and pain'd in Mind ;  
Yet 'midst a complicated Woe,  
Own'd this great Truth, that God is kind.  
Reader, his Virtues imitate ;  
Few Sepulchres thine Eyes shall see  
O'er which thou mayst these Words repeat ;  
Here lies a Man as good as he.

---

## CXLVIII.

ANOTHER. -

On a BENEFICENT MAN.

This Son of true Beneficence,  
To all his Bounty did dispense,  
As far as it would go ;

H 3

But

But then, he in Return possess'd,  
The greatest Comfort in his Breast,  
That can be found below.

Ye Rich, would you such Bliss possess,  
As God has bless'd you, learn to bless,  
And to the Poor be kind;  
Beneficent, diffuse your Store,  
'Tis always wanted 'mong the Poor,  
'Tis your's to bless Mankind.

~~~~~  
CXLXI.

ON A SIMILAR CHARACTER, but RETIRED.

He liv'd a calm, domestic Life;
He lov'd his Children and his Wife,
His Friends, his King, his Country too;
All this, indeed, Self-love may do:
But this good Man, we know, possess'd,
True Christian Virtue in his Breast;
His social Love was unconfin'd,
He lov'd, he pray'd, for all Mankind.
Out of the little Store he had,
To help the Poor his Heart was glad;
And when they thank'd him, thus spake he;
"Give Thanks to God, and not to me;
"Intreat that he'd increase my Store,
"That I may give you ten Times more."
This was his Practice, Day by Day;
But more we must forbear to say;
For he who lies beneath this Stone,
Unwilling was to have it known.

~~~~~  
CL.

ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

The Rich, since this good Man resign'd his Breath,  
Have lost a *good Example* by his Death;

The

The Poor have Reason to lament his End,  
For ev'ry Winter 'll shew—they've lost a *Friend*.

---

## CLI.

## ANOTHER.

On a Person remarkable for giving good Books to the Poor,  
In him with thankful Heart we view,  
The Friend of Soul and Body too!  
His Practice was his Gold to give,  
Wrapt in Directions how to live,  
To fit the Poor for heav'nly Bliss;  
What a divine Employ was this!  
Receive the kind *Instructions* giv'n,  
Ye Poor, and follow him to Heav'n.

---

## ON AFFLICTED PERSONS.

## CLII.

The Storms of Life are now o'er-blown,  
Fear, Trouble, Care, Grief, Pain, are gone;  
And God in Christ will hence display,  
The Sunshine of eternal Day.

---

## CLIII.

Severely afflicted, yet when most depress'd,  
Resign'd, he endur'd it, as all for the best;  
Prais'd God for his Goodness, both present and past,  
And yielded his Spirit in Peace at the last.

---

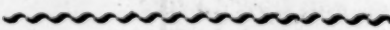
## CLIV.

Farewel Affliction, Grief, and Pain,  
Welcome eternal Bliss;  
Thank God I ne'er shall live again  
In such a World as this!

## CLV.

## CLV.

Rest, liberated Brother,  
From this World's Fetters free ;  
Thou findest in the other,  
Ease, Joy, and Liberty.  
What tho' thou'lt been afflicted,  
Thy Faithfulness to prove ;  
Those whom the Lord corrected,  
The Lord did always love.



## CLVI.

The Frowns of the World are with him at an End,  
Exchang'd for the Smiles of his Saviour and Friend ;  
Escap'd from the Regions of Sorrow and Woe,  
Affliction and Trouble no more he shall know.



## CLVII.

His Troubles are over, his Sorrows are past,  
And God hath receiv'd his Servant at last ;  
Have Patience, true Christian, aright understood,  
Thy transient Afflictions will work for thy Good.



## CLVIII.

ON A MOURNFUL CHRISTIAN.

Sinners ! come here,  
And drop a Tear,  
Here 'tis in Justice due ;  
For he whose Head  
Finds here a Bed,  
Dropt many a Tear for you.

## CLIX.



## CLIX.

## ANOTHER.

On one who MOURNED for the ABOMINATIONS of the LAND,  
like LOT and JEREMIAH of old.

His righteous Soul (now fled away)  
Was vex'd within him, Day by Day,

While here it had its Station :

But now he finds a blest Relief,  
An happy Ear to all his Grief,

For "filthy Conversation." \*

But O ye Lewd, and ye Profane,  
Mourners for you must still remain,

And all your Crimes deplore :

God's Intereffors will be sent,

Till either you shall all repent,

Or Time shall be no more.

2d Peter, Chap. II. Verse 7.

## CLX.

## ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

Blest are the Mourners, their Relief

Is sure, for God's their Friend ;

But Woe to them who cause such Grief

As Death alone can end.

## CLXI.

On a CHRISTIAN who often WEPT, and often REJOICED.

This Man was a Character odd,

Rejoicing, then weeping again ;

He rejoic'd in the *Goodness of God*,

And he wept—o'er the *Badness of Men*.

## CLXII.

## ANOTHER.

Where Saints rejoice, is his Abode,

Because he here rejoic'd in God ?

Where

## CLV.

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From this World's Fetters free;  
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God's Intercessors will be sent,  
Till either you shall all repent,  
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And he wept—o'er the *Badness of Men*.

## CLXII.

## ANOTHER.

Where Saints rejoice, is his Abode,  
Because he here rejoic'd in God ?

Where

Where Sinners weep, he ne'er can go,  
Because he wept for Sin below.

---

CLXIII.

On a COURAGEOUS CHRISTIAN.

Thy Race is now ended ;  
In Christ it was run ;  
Thy Spirit's ascended !  
Brave Christian ! well done !

---

On HUMBLE and HONEST MEN, &c.

---

CLXIV.

On a MAN of STRICT VERACITY.

Here lies a Man who kept his Word,  
As far as Mortal could ;  
To grieve for him would be absurd,  
Because his Life was good.  
He liv'd and dy'd an honest Man ;  
Go thou and do the same,  
'Twill recommend the Gospel Plan,  
And yield thee endless Fame.

---

CLXV.

Honest Men we seldom meet,  
Here lies one beneath your Feet ;  
Let it to the World be known,  
Thou art one who read'st this Stone.

---

CLXVI.

On an HONEST MAN.

Take Pope's Advice, " Laugh where you may,  
" Be candid where you can ;"  
But Truth obligeth me to say,  
" Here lies an honest Man."

CLXVII.

## CLXVII.

DITTO, IN BRIEF.

All who his Life with Candour scan,  
May say—Here lies an honest Man.

## CLXVIII.

On a POOR, but LABORIOUS and HONEST MAN.

He labour'd hard for daily Bread,  
Thought *Honesty* was best ;  
And when an honest Man is dead,  
An honest Man is blest.

Reader, the Time is hast'ning fast,  
That brings thee to thy Grave ;  
That Man can ne'er be blest at last,  
Who lives and dies—a *Knave*.

## CLXIX.

On a RIGHTEOUS or UPRIGHT MAN.

The Righteous at Death shall find Rest,  
The Kingdom of Heav'n their Lot ;  
“ *The Mem'ry of the Just shall be blest,*  
“ *But the Name of the Wicked shall rot.*”

## CLXX.

ANOTHER.

He hated Falshood's mean Disguise,  
And lov'd the Thing that's *just* ;  
His Honour in his *Actions* lies,  
And here remains his Dust.

## CLXXI.

On a JUST OLD MAN.

Age is an Honour to the *Just*,  
Their Mem'ry is blest ;

And



And venerable is the Dust  
Whose Spirit is at rest.

CLXXII.

ON AN HUMBLE MAN. \*

How vain is Flatt'ry on a Grave,  
Where Earth and Ashes lie !  
Here rests the *Learn'd*, the *Great*, the *Brave*,  
The pompous Poets cry :  
Here rests a sinful Mortal's Dust,  
I rather choose to say,  
Who put in Christ alone, his Trust,  
And waits the Judgment-day.

CLXXIII.

ANOTHER.

I want no flatt'ring Poet's Verse,  
My Deeds of Virtue to rehearse ;  
For all the Good that I have done,  
Give Thanks to God in Christ his Son.

\* For more on this Character, see Part I. in four Lines, Nos. 17, 19, 31, 33, and 55.

CLXXIV.

ON AN INDIGENT MAN.

This Man in an indigent State,  
Was harass'd, and troubled, and vext ;  
His Wants in this World have been great,  
But we hope he'll have none in the next.

CLXXV.

ON A PIOUS BEGGAR.

Tho' hard was this poor Beggar's Fate,  
He to it was resign'd ;

Alas !

Alas ! he at a rich Man's Gate  
 Relief could seldom find,  
 Let not the Rich and Mighty dare  
 To scorn a Beggar's Grave,  
 Left they should this dread Sentence hear,  
 When they their Riches leave :  
 Remember, Son of Affluence, thou  
 Thy good Things didst enjoy,  
 But Laz'rous evil ; therefore now  
 He reaps eternal Joy.

~~~~~  
 CLXXVI.

ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

He begg'd his Bread from Door to Door,
 Who here has found a Grave ;
 Better be honest, and be poor,
 Than rich, and be a Knave.

~~~~~  
 CLXXVII.

On a TRAVELLER, of an OPEN, ENLARGED, and GENE-  
 ROUS MIND.

In Peace here rests a Trav'ler's Dust,  
 His Journey's at an End ;  
 He priz'd Esteem among the Just,  
 A Censure from a Friend :  
 " Broke loose from Time's tenacious Chains,  
 " And Earth's revolving Gloom,  
 " To range at large in vast Domains,  
 " Of radiant Worlds to come." YOUNG'S RESIG.

~~~~~  
 CLXXVIII.

On a GOOD MAN, BURIED in a PRIVATE PLACE.

Where'er a good Man's Corpse is found,
 That Place is *consecrated Ground* ;

I

But

But where the Wicked lie to rot,
Their Bodies defecrate the Spot.

~~~~~  
CLXXIX.

ANOTHER.

When we this good Man's Life explore,  
We cannot but allow,  
Whate'er this Place might be before,  
'Tis *consecrated now*.

~~~~~  
CLXXX.

ON a MAN of GENIUS and PIETY.

Let Sons of Genius drop a Tear,
One of their Brethren lieth here;
But let the Sons of God rejoice,
For he has taken their Advice.

~~~~~  
CLXXXI.

ANOTHER.

Bright Genius shone in this her Son,  
And taught him to excel;  
In Art admir'd, while Grace inspir'd  
The Art of *living well*.

~~~~~  
CLXXXII.

ON an ARTLESS PEASANT.

Artless and simple, homely and sincere,
Behold! an honest, Country Swain lies here;
The Scorn indeed of proud, refin'd Deceit,
But highly valu'd by the *truly Great*.

~~~~~  
CLXXXIII.

ANOTHER.

Content with Piety, and daily Bread,  
An upright Life this artless Peasant led;

If

If haughty Greatness ever views this Stone,  
'Twill wish this Character had been its own.

~~~~~  
CLXXXIV.

ON AN OPEN-HEARTED RUSTIC.

Blunt as plain Truth, and as a Lion bold,
Here — * lies among the Dead enroll'd ;
But Lords advanc'd to Posts of high Degree,
Shall wish they'd liv'd as free from Guile as he.

* Any Name of two Syllables accented on the first.

~~~~~  
CLXXXV.

ANOTHER.

ON A PIOUS RUSTIC.

God in his rural Station he ador'd,  
And in his glorious Handiworks rejoic'd ;  
His Recreation was to praise the Lord,  
And his chief Glory was the Cross of Christ.

~~~~~  
CLXXXVI.

ON A LEARNED and GOOD MAN.

The Heav'n-born Soul of him whose Dust
Beneath this solemn Tomb we trust,
Swiftly advanc'd from early Youth,
Thro' Learning's Love, to Love of Truth ;
And as Life's thorny Path he trod,
Thro' Nature look'd, to Nature's God ;
Adorn'd his Wonders, felt his Love,
Then dy'd, — and went to Bliss above.

~~~~~  
CLXXXVII.

ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

Learning and Science claim'd him for their own,  
And Wisdom (justify'd by this her Son)

Led him in Triumph to the Bliss above,  
To sing the Wonders of redeeming Love.

~~~~~  
CLXXXVIII.

ON A TRUE CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

Here rests a Rev'rend Christian Pastor's Dust,
Whose Life did Honour to Religion's Cause ;
Whose Faith was humble, not presumptuous Trust,
A practical Regard to Wisdom's Laws.
His Charity was pure and unconfin'd,
Unmix'd with selfish Ends, or party Gall ;
Social, tho' sacred, and tho' ardent, kind,
And lib'ral as the Love that dy'd for ALL.
Go, worthy Pastor, thou art sure to find
For Service here, a blest Reward above :
By Acts of Kindness thou hast taught Mankind,
Religion's but *another Name for LOVE.*

~~~~~  
CLXXXIX.

ANOTHER.

ON ONE AS REMARKABLE FOR HIS HUMILITY AS FOR HIS PUBLIC  
SERVICE, AS A PREACHER AND WRITER.

Dear Friend of Truth, in these degenerate Days,  
Thy Worth (if any Man's) deserves our Praise ;  
But thou wou'dst not receive it, should we give,  
Thou taught'st us to *the Praise of God* to live ;  
And in the Praise of God wou'dst have us die,  
And follow thee to everlasting Joy.

~~~~~  
CXC.

ANOTHER.

(INSCRIBED by his FLOCK.)

Beneath lies a Pastor, who gave all the Praise
To his heav'nly Master, for *Tallants and Grace ;*

By

By holy Directions he guided us right,
But shone by Reflection, for Christ was his Light.

CXCI.

ON A TRUE GOSPEL MINISTER, OF PIOUS DISSENTING
PREACHER.—Addressed to his surviving CONGREGATION.

Ye Faithful who stop at my Tomb,
My last Admonition receive ;
Still pray for the Kingdom to come,
And in it still hope and believe.
Obey your dear Saviour's Commands,
Your Cross still continue to bear,
And you from his merciful Hands,
A Crown shall receive, and shall wear.

CXCH.

ANOTHER.

You say you've Christian Faith sincere,
And heav'nly Joys pursue ;
But let it by your Works appear,
That what you say, is true.

CXCIII.

ON A REFORMED RAKE.

Ye Vicious and Thoughtless attend,
My last Admonition's your Due ;
Receive the Advice of a Friend,
Who once was as thoughtless as you.
Believe me (whate'er you now think)
When your Hour of Departure shall come,
And you stand on Eternity's Brink,
You'll tremble to think on your Doom.
Now let your Repentance begin,
Flee Evil, and learn to do well,

And turn to your Saviour *from Sin*,
Lest you should be “*turn’d into Hell.*” *

Psalms IX. and XVII.

~~~~~  
CXCIV.

On a GENEROUS but PROFLIGATE YOUNG GENTLEMAN,  
dying of DISEASES contracted by INTemperance  
and DEBAUCHERY.

Here sleeps a Martyr to Intemp’rance wild,  
Whose Breast was oft with gen’rous Feelings fir’d ;  
Whose Heart to Ruin had not been beguil’d,  
Had Prudence check’d what Passion’s Flame inspir’d.  
By Nature form’d for Nature’s social Joys,  
But early Wealth seduc’d his pliant Soul  
Into the Paths of fashionable Vice,  
While Youth’s strong Ardour scorn’d to brook  
Controul.

Alas ! how soon the Phantom Pleasure flies !  
Affliction’s Clouds obscur’d his dawning Day ;  
And now behold ! Death’s Victim here he lies,  
A *dreadful Warning* to the Young and Gay.  
Ye Partners in his wild Excess, attend,  
Nor heedless pass this monitory Stone ;  
And while your heaving Breasts wou’d mourn his End,  
Detest his Vices—and reform your own. \*

\* The Author is obliged to another Hand for several Lines  
in this Epitaph.

~~~~~  
CXC.V.

On a PENITENT PROSTITUTE.

Ye fair ones be warn’d by my Case,
The Path of Destruction to shun,
And bring not yourselves to Disgrace,
By running the Course that I’ve run.

But

But chiefly I call upon you,
Who are now in Destruction's broad Road,
Perdition no longer pursue,
But turn (by Repentance) to God.
As vile as your Conduct has been,
Reform, and you'll still be forgiv'n ;
But if you continue in Sin,
You fly from the Mercy of Heav'n.

CXCVI.

ANOTHER.

By Nature prone to ev'ry Vice,
To Mis'ry swift to run ;
When Sinners did my Soul entice,
I sinn'd—and was undone :
But heav'nly Mercy, great and *free*,
At length of Sin took place,
And I became (what you may be)
A Monument of *Grace*.

CXCVII.

ANOTHER.

ON A MAGDELANE.

Ye thoughtless Fair, be warn'd by me,
Destruction's Path to shun,
For when I lost my Modesty,
I found myself undone :
Where'er I went, by Night or Day,
I felt a Hell within ;
But God in Mercy found a Way
To part me from my Sin.
But ah ! what Soul-tormenting Fears !
What Terrors fill'd my Breast !
How oft was I o'erwhelm'd in Tears,
Before my Soul found Rest.

But

But now God's Mercy I'll adore ;
 And having much forgiv'n,
 (If possible) I'll praise him more,
 Than any Soul in Heav'n.

~~~~~  
 CXCVIII.

ANOTHER.

Here lies with the Dead,  
 (To their Shame be it said,  
 Who to Ruin seduc'd her at first)  
 A penitent Fair,  
 Who was nigh to Despair,  
 Till Mercy her Sorrows dispers'd.  
 By Providence led,  
 If a Virgin should tread  
 Near this Place, where her Fate is to rot,  
 Let her often recall  
 Poor *Magdelane's* Fall  
 To her Mind—lest she meet the same Lot.

~~~~~  
 CXCIX.

Sav'd from Sin, by heav'nly Grace,
 She whose Dust finds here a Place,
 Bears this Witness o'er her Grave,
 Sin destroys—but Christ can save.

~~~~~  
 CC.

ANOTHER.

ON A PRODIGAL SON.

Reader, dost thou wretched roam,  
 Far from God, and far from home ;  
 Hast thou sinn'd, as I have done ?  
 Welcome to my Grave—read on :  
 Art thou now in deep Distress ?  
 Naked, poor, and comfortless.

For

For thy Folly dost thou mourn ?  
 To thy Father's House return ;  
 He is full of Grace divine,  
 Feed no more on Husks with Swine ;  
 Turn and glad th' angelic Choir,  
 Turn and 'scape eternal Fire ;  
 And his Praise with me resound,  
 I was lost—but now am found ! \*

\* For general ditto, in BRIEF, on this, the foregoing, and other PENITENTIAL CHARACTERS, See Part I. two Lines ; No. I. four Lines, Nos. 9, 11, 32, 53, &c.

---

ON PENITENT LOVERS, &c.

---

CCI.

ON A YOUNG MAN dying just before MARRIAGE.—(Supposed to be written by his INTENDED BRIDE.)

By these few Lines, young Maids, reminded be,  
 How cruel Death has disappointed me ;  
 Tho' none could be more lov'd, or lov'd more true,  
 God grant he may not do the same by you :  
 Dear was my Lover to my ravish'd Eyes,  
 My present Bliss, my Hope of future Joys ;  
 In pers'nal Charms, and mental Grace, he shone,  
 Fair Virtue's Friend—but now, alas, he's gone :  
 O cruel Death, to throw thy envious Dart !  
 O mournful Subject for a broken Heart !  
 Yet shall my Grief submit to Heav'n's Decree,  
 While these Lines mark the Man that mark'd out me.

CCII.

ON A DEARLY-BELOVED MAID, dying of a FEVER.—Written by a FRIEND, and addressed to her SURVIVING LOVER.

Fall'n by a burning Fever,  
 Here the short-liv'd Beauty lies ;

Now



Now she's gone, she's gone for ever,  
 Faithful Lover from thine Eyes.  
 But her better Part's still living,  
 In the blisful World above;  
 Cease, fond Lover, cease thy grieving,  
 Thou in Heav'n mayst find thy Love.

## CCIII.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

Here the *dead Image* of a lovely Maid,  
 Deep in the Bosom of the Earth is laid;  
 Her *living Image* still survives, impress'd  
 Deep in her dear surviving Lover's Breast.

## CCIV.

On one whose DEATH was supposed to be occasioned by the  
 PASSION OF EXCESSIVE and DISAPPOINTED LOVE.  
 (By HIM, or HERSELF.)

My Life, alas! I must confess,  
 Had not so soon been o'er,  
 If I had lov'd the Creature less,  
 And the Creator more.  
 Lovers be warn'd by my sad Fate,  
 The doating Fondness shun,  
 Lest you, like me, alas! too late,  
 Should find yourselves undone.

## CCV.

On a BELOVED MAID, dying after a LINGERING SICKNESS,  
 (By her LOVER.)

Take, peaceful Earth, the ruinous Remains  
 Of that dear Form my pensive Thought retains;  
 Better it here interr'd in Peace should be,  
 Than live on Earth in ling'ring Misery:  
 I soon shall follow, therefore—Peace my Soul,  
 Thy vain and long contracted Grief controul;

To Heav'n's high Will we Mortals must resign,  
Heav'n's choicest Gifts—however bright they shine.

---

## CCVI.

On a DISAPPOINTED YOUNG MAID, supposed to die by the  
UNKINDNESS of her PRETENDED LOVER.

(By a FRIEND.)

Here lies a Damsel, whom, alas!  
A false young Man deceiv'd;  
Handsome, as faithless, *Rover* was,  
And she to Death was griev'd.  
But now to lasting Bliss she's gone,  
Let faithless *Rover* range,  
For she has fix'd her Heart on one  
Whose Love can—*never change*.

---

## CCVII.

ON DITTO.

(By HERSELF.)

Now welcome Death, and welcome Heav'n,  
And farewell Life's short Span;  
And greatest Plague to Woman giv'n,  
Adieu, false-hearted Man.

---

## CCVIII.

On a DELUDED MAID—(Dying in CHILD-BIRTH.)

Ye beauteous fair ones, who your Hearts expose  
To fatal Dangers, and to cruel Foes;  
Be warn'd, and know she fell a Victim here,  
Thro' Beauty guarded by—*too little Fear*.

---

## CCIX.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO,

By HERSELF.—Addressed to her INFANT GIRL.

Be warn'd, my *helpless Orphan*, when mature,  
And pray to God when faithless Men allure;

Think

Think on the *fatal Cause* that gave thee Birth,  
And turn'd thy Mother into mother Earth.

~~~~~  
CCX.

ON A CONVERTED LOVER.—By HIM, OR HERSELF.

Lover, I write these Lines for *thee*,
The Love of Beauty wounded me;
But I've by blest Experience found,
The *Love of God* can heal that Wound.

~~~~~  
CCXI.

ANOTHER.

Reader, if thou'rt in Love, take Care;  
Love was to me a dang'rous Snare;  
But God, in his great Love to me,  
Hath broke the Snare, and set me free.

~~~~~  
CCXII.

ON A ONCE BEAUTIFUL VIRGIN, whose lingering SICKNESS
and DEATH were occasioned by an unhappy MARRIAGE,
brought about by the PERSUASION of her AVARICIOUS
PARENTS, and verified (it is to be feared) in the DEATH of
many Thousands of the most BEAUTIFUL CREATURES
under Heaven.

If Beauty's fall'n a Sacrifice
To Avarice, demands a Tear,
Drop it where lovely ——— * lies,
And she, alas! too soon lies *here*.

* These Lines were written on a *particular Occasion*, but the
too frequent Occurrence of the Case induced the Author to
enlarge on so pitiable a Character.

~~~~~  
CCXIII.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

O cruel Avarice! what hast thou done;  
Here falls by thee, the beauteous, young, and gay:  
Destructive

Destructive Fiend ! for all Mankind must own,  
Thou slay'st thy thousand fair ones ev'ry Day.

## CCXIV.

ON A SIMILAR CHARACTER.

Hard was thy Fate, once beauteous Maid,  
Untimely thus to die ;  
And o'er the Grave, where thou art laid,  
I'll Drop a Tear—for why ?  
Thy earthly Mother has, we see,  
(Preferring Gain to Worth)  
Been more unkind by far to thee,  
Than thy old mother Earth.  
Thy undeserved Pains are past,  
Fruits of a sordid Choice ;  
Would thou hadst been the first and last,  
That fell by *Avarice*.

## CCXV.

ON DITTO.

Unhappy Beauty ! tho' thou'st found  
From Sickness here a kind Release ;  
Thy Parent's Avarice gave the Wound,  
Death *only finish'd* thy Disease.

## CCXVI.

ON A MUCH-LOVED YOUTH, \* snatched from his INTENDED  
BRIDE, by an UNEXPECTED STROKE.—Written by  
her sympathising FRIEND.

Here let a mournful Virgin vent her Grief ;  
Here let a plaintive Line record her Woe :

\* Written by the Author, in compliance with the particular  
Request of a Friend, but never inscribed.

But ah ! what Reader's Tears can give Relief ?  
 What friendly Hand the healing Balm bestow ?  
 Can polish'd Sense, with all its Feelings fine,  
 Or mute Simplicity, reduce her Smart ?  
 Or all the Plaintive, should they all combine,  
 Remove her Anguish, or console her Heart ?  
 Ah, no ! Almighty Goodness ! thou alone  
 Canst soothe the Sorrows of her wounded Breast,  
 While sympathising Friendship marks his Stone,  
 And tells the World, the Youth she lov'd—is blest.

~~~~~  
 CCXVII.

On a POETESS, remarkable for PIETY.

Dear Sister Muse, whose tow'ring Wing
 Wrought true Sublimity,
 Now let a Brother Poet sing
 A Requiem over thee !
 Sweet as the Music of the Grove,
 The Numbers of thy Lyre,
 Moral thy Strains of Virtue's Love,
 As Angels could require.
 And sweet thy Strains continue still
 In Realms of heav'nly Light ;
 Thou tun'st thy Lyre, and ever will,
 A glorious Angel bright.
 O may I catch that sacred Fire,
 And Grace, to rule the Flame ;
 And all like thee to Heav'n aspire,
 And lasting Bliss supreme !

~~~~~  
 CCXVIII.

On a BLESSED WOMAN.

Blest with a Birth not high, nor meanly low ;  
 Blest with the Means to lessen human Woe ;

Blest



Blest with a beauteous Form, and virtuous Mind ;  
 Blest with a Husband of the better Kind ;  
 Blest with an Offspring, who in Friendship dwell ;  
 Blest with an Heart to educate them well ;  
 Blest with a Temper chearful, yet sedate ;  
 Blest with more prudent Conduct than the Great ;  
 Blest with good Health, sound Sense, and Length of  
 Days ;  
 Blest with an Heart to give her Maker Praise ;  
 Blest in old Age, in Sickness, Pain, and Death ;  
 Blest with the Grace in Peace to yield her Breath :  
 And blest are they who're half so blest as she,  
 Either in Time, or in Eternity.

---

 CCXIX.

On a THOUGHTFUL, INTELLIGENT, and PIOUS WOMAN. \*  
 Reader, the Form that now lies mould'ring here,  
 Was blest with Understanding bright and clear ;  
 Which still, by exercising, brighter grew,  
 Yet calm, and penetrating in its View :  
 On all the Objects Life presents, it dwelt,  
 And hence much Pleasure, and much Pain, she felt ;  
 Pleasure to view the Gifts of bounteous Heav'n,  
 And Pain to see abus'd the Blessings giv'n ;  
 Till tir'd and sick of Man's Ingratitude,  
 With Joy she's gone where Pain can ne'er intrude.

\* This should have followed No. 71.

---

 On S A I L O R S.
 

---

## CCXX.

On an OLD PENITENT SAILOR.

Tho' here at last in Peace I sleep,  
 Now Toil and Danger's o'er ;

Oft have I plow'd the raging Deep,  
And heard old Ocean roar !  
In Storms and Tempests oft I've been,  
On Seas like Mountains toss'd,  
And dreadful Lightnings felt and seen,  
And yet was never lost !  
I've seen God's wondrous Pow'r display'd,  
And felt, and fear'd his Rod ;  
And sorely have I been dismay'd,  
And cry'd for Help to God.  
And he in his great Mercy spar'd,  
And brought me safe to Shore ;  
And by his Grace, my Soul prepar'd,  
To praise him evermore.

~~~~~  
CCXXI.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

Escap'd from Ocean's ever-restless Wave,
Thank God his Relicks here have found a Grave ;
But O what Thanks and Praise to Heav'n are due,
That he escap'd eternal Mis'ry too !

~~~~~  
CCXXII.

## ANOTHER.

Dear Brother Seaman, stop awhile ;  
Avast ! ye Landsmen too ;  
Consider for what End ye toil,  
What Port ye have in view.  
Man's Nature wants but small Support,  
If Temp'rance rules his Breast :  
This Life's a Voyage, and Heav'n's the Port  
Of everlasting Rest.  
Your Souls were made for endless Bliss,  
O then cast Anchor there !

Or

Or you'll be ship-wreck'd in th' Abyss  
And Gulph of black Despair.

---

## CCXXIII.

ANOTHER.

Gentle Reader, cast an Eye,  
Thou art now more frail than I;  
Now, with me, the Die is cast,  
I the Gulph of Death have pass'd;  
All my Dangers now are o'er,  
I am landed safe on Shore;  
Widely diff'rent is thy Case,  
Thou art in a dang'rous Place;  
Pangs of Sorrow, Scenes of Woe,  
Thou, as yet, may feel and know;  
Oft mayst plow the raging Deep,  
Oft be made to fear and weep;  
Driv'n by Storms, in Tempests toss'd,  
And (if God prevent not) lost;  
Therefore, be advis'd by me,  
Pray to God continually:  
Bow before the Lord above,  
Let thy Compass be his Love:  
If at last thou wou'dst be blest,  
Steer to everlasting Rest.

---

## CCXXIV.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

Good Works, and good Tempers, alone are the Store  
Which thou canst import on the heav'nly Shore;  
If freighted with bad ones (O dreadful to tell!)  
Thou'lt be sunk with thy Cargo—remember it well.

## CCXXV.

ON A COMMON SAILOR.

Come Sailor, attend to a poor *Brother Tar*,  
 Who at last to his End is return'd from afar :  
 I shall not detain thee the Time to beguile,  
 The Hist'ry to read of my Troubles and Toil.  
 Tho' great they have been—of my Call, the Design  
 Is to point to that Friend (who can save thee from thine)  
 The Lord, the Redeemer, from Sin, Death, and Hell,  
 To whom I commend thee—and bid thee farewell.

## CCXXVI.

ANOTHER.

This Life's a Voyage, the World's a Sea,  
 Where Men are strangely tof'd about ;  
 Heav'n is our Port, steer thou that Way,  
 And there thou'lt anchor safe, no Doubt.

## CCXXVII.

ON AN OLD, AFFLICTED, and WORN-OUT DITTO.

Tir'd of the Tempests here below,  
 Worn out with Pain and Toil,  
 Death lays the gallant Seamen low,  
 Beneath his native Soil :  
 To which his Body we resign,  
 Which long his Mind depress'd ;  
 In Hope his Soul, thro' Love divine,  
 Has gain'd the Port of Rest.

## CCXXVIII.

ANOTHER.

Life's Voyage is now ended, his Dangers are past,  
 His Ship is safe moor'd, and he's landed at last !  
 His Treasures are safe in the Mansions on high,  
 Which we hope, thro' God's Mercy, he's gone to  
 enjoy.

## CCXXIX.



## CCXXIX.

On a SEAFARING MAN, dying SUDDENLY at HOME, after several VOYAGES to GUINEA, GREENLAND, &c. originally written for a DISTANT RELATION of the AUTHOR. (Personating his WIDOW.)

Farewel, dear peaceful Partner of my Life,  
Take this last Tribute of a faithful Wife,  
Who lov'd thee living, and who mourns thee dead,  
But little thought thou wou'dst so soon have fled;  
Thou who so oft hadst plow'd the raging Main,  
And safe return'd, to bless my Sight again;  
Whom neither *India's Heat*, nor *Greenland's Cold*,  
Could Harm, nor long from safe Return with-hold;  
No, thou and Death must meet, 'twas Heav'n's dread  
Will,

Abruptly—at the Foot of yonder Hill; \*  
And Parents, Brothers, Sisters, Wife, resign  
Thee to the Stroke of Providence divine,  
And safe from future Dangers lay thee down,  
Assur'd that God can smile when Death does frown:  
Peace and Good-will were of thy Life the Scope,  
Thy Spirit's fled, thy Flesh here rests in HOPE.

\* He dropped down suddenly at the Foot of a Hill in *Flintshire*, called the WARREN (while on a Journey from Liverpool, to visit his aged Parents, and apparently in the full Possession of Health and Strength) and was buried in HOPE Church-yard, where the following well-known Lines are inscribed on his Grave-stone:

*Tho' Boreas' blasts, and Neptune's Waves,  
Have tost me too and fro,  
In Spite of both, by God's Decrees,  
I harbour here below:  
Where I do now at Anchor lie,  
With many of our Fleet;  
Yet once again, I must set sail,  
Our Saviour Christ to meet.*

No. 41 was written on the same Occasion.

On



## On SOLDIERS.

## CCXXX.

On a COMMON SOLDIER.

Unnotic'd oft the common Soldier dies,  
 (For common Things are therefore oft despis'd)  
 But he whose Will o'er-rules the Pow'rs of State,  
 Who made the Meanest, as he made the Great,  
 And bade the lowest rise, or highest fall,  
 Alike extends his Providence to *all*.  
 Disdain not then the common Soldier's Dust,  
 Who knows but he may rise among the Just,  
 And stand accepted 'mong the truly great,  
 When mighty Kings and Emp'rors mourn their Fate.

## CCXXXI.

ANOTHER.

This Soldier, tho' he liv'd on scanty Pay,  
 Disdain'd to pilfer, or to run away,  
 But bravely to the last he stood his Ground,  
 Till he by Death receiv'd his *mortal Wound*.

## CCXXXII.

ANOTHER.

Stop, Reader, I'll tell thee what few Men have known,  
 And fewer concerning themselves dare to own;  
 I've been valiant, and yet a great Coward have been,  
 For I conquer'd the Foe—yet was conquer'd by Sin.

## CCXXXIII.

ANOTHER.

Say not, when you these Lines explore,  
 The Soldier falls to rise no more;  
 For when the Trump of God shall call,  
 He'll rise again no more to fall.

CCXXXIX:

## CCXXXIV.

ON AN UNCOMMON SOLDIER.

Here lies, releas'd from Trouble, Care, and Sin,  
A Soldier, whose chief Conquests were *within*;  
His evil Habits were his greatest Foes,  
And long before his Death, he conquer'd those.

---

## CCXXXV.

ANOTHER.

True to my King and Country's Right,  
Command I cheerfully obey'd,  
To practise *Discipline* or fight,  
Till Death here clos'd Life's vain *Parade*.  
But there's no Fight like conquering Sin;  
Believe me (I have made the Trial)  
Nor is there any Discipline  
Like constant Christian *Self-denial*.

---

## CCXXXVI.

ANOTHER.

Here lies a true Soldier, whom all must applaud,  
Much Hardship he suffered at home and abroad;  
But the hardest *Engagement* he ever was in,  
Was the Battle of Self, in the Conquest of Sin.

---

## CCXXXVII.

ANOTHER.

This Life's a Field of Battle; to be plain—  
Man, thou must either conquer or be slain;  
Thy Foes are mighty, and combin'd in Wrath,  
Stand to thy Arms, and fight the Fight of Faith;  
In Christ confiding, who the Foe o'ercame,  
And thou shalt conquer in his *mighty Name*.

## CCXXXVIII.

## CCXXXVIII.

ANOTHER.

On one who had never been in BATTLE.

I've never yet in Battle been,  
 Nor did I wish to be ;  
 But I have fought, and conquer'd Sin,  
 And that's enough for me.

## CCXXXIX.

ANOTHER.

On a CONTENTED ONE.

Whether to Camp or Quarters sent,  
 This Soldier would be still content,  
 And oft would say or sing ;  
 Come War, come Peace, my Mind's at Ease,  
 My Station shall not me displease,  
 And so " God save the King."

## CCXL.

ANOTHER.

On one DYING rather SUDDENLY.

Death, by an unexpected Blow,  
 Has laid the valiant Soldier low ;  
 But he again in Christ shall rise,  
 And sing his Vict'ries in the Skies.

## CCXLI.

On a Person who REGRETTED his too EAGER PURSUIT of,  
 and ATTACHMENT to, the WORLD.

Perhaps you blame my fond Pursuit  
 Of earthly Things ; I own  
 'Twas wrong, and you've a Right to do't ;  
 But don't forget—your own.

## CCXLII.

## CCXLII.

ANOTHER.

In anxious Care my Life I spent,  
Which often robb'd me of Content;  
But while thou blam'st my foolish Strife,  
Say—dost thou live a better Life?

---

## CCXLIII.

On a Person who REFUSED to make his NAME KNOWN on his  
TOMB-STONE, by any more than the INITIAL and  
FINAL LETTERS thereof.—(By HIMSELF.)

Say, Reader, dost thou wish to know  
Whose Relicks lie interr'd below?

Ah! what avails it thee!

To know thyself concerns thee most,  
And whether thou'lt be sav'd or lost,  
To all Eternity.

When thou hast known my Name and Age,  
And when Death call'd me off the Stage,

On which thou act'st a Part;

Say, what art thou the better, Friend?

Which Way can that thy Life amend,

Or renovate thy Heart?

But if, while this remains in View,  
Thou think'st that thou, poor Mortal too,

Must soon resign thy Breath;

Let that important Thought remain

With thee, till thou art born again,

And canst with Joy meet Death.

CCXLIV.

## CCXXXVIII.

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On which thou act'st a Part;

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Which Way can that thy Life amend,  
Or renovate thy Heart?

But if, while this remains in View,  
Thou think'st that thou, poor Mortal too,

Must soon resign thy Breath;  
Let that important Thought remain  
With thee, till thou art born again,  
And canst with Joy meet Death.

## CCXLIV.

## CCXLIV.

On a Person DYING by a SUDDEN ACCIDENT; originally designed for the Tomb or HEAD-STONE of JOSEPH WOODCOCK, Mason, who being employed at the REPAIR of the Tower of TRINITY STEEPLE, in the CITY of CHESTER, was KILLED by FALLING from the SCAFFOLD, on the 14th of September, 1789.—(Written by DESIRE of his RELATIONS and FELLOW WORKMEN) but not yet INSCRIBED.

With mournful Pity, while we here record  
 Poor Woodcock's Fall who fac'd the Steeple's Stone:  
 Having his Danger, and his Death explor'd,  
 Let due Reflection dwell upon our own.  
 'Midst Dangers unforeseen, we Mortals stray,  
 Which, unobserv'd, attend us ev'ry Hour,  
 And dire Disasters stop us in our Way,  
 Which, to prevent, is seldom in our Pow'r.  
 Thus circumstanc'd, whene'er a Brother falls,  
 To teach us how uncertain Life is here;  
 Our Nature binds us, and our Duty calls,  
 To hope he's happy, and to drop a Tear.

## CCXLV.

## ANOTHER.

On a Person dying by an ACCIDENT, supposed to have been occasioned by the INADVERTENCE of INTOXICATION.  
 How sudden and how awful was the Stroke,  
 By which the slender Thread of Life was broke;  
 O may this Admonition teach us all,  
 How frail is Man, how unforeseen his Fall!

## CCXLVI.

## ANOTHER.

Here while you view with Sorrow and Surprise,  
 A Brother's Fall, be sober and be wise;  
 And turn not Nature's Wants to Nature's Shame,  
 Lest you by Inadvertence meet the same.

## CCXLVII.

## CCXLVII.

On an HONEST and INDUSTRIOUS FARMER, written on reading  
some PANEGYRICAL EPITAPHS ON NOBLEMEN,  
GREAT HEROES, &c.

*"An honest Man's the noblest Work of God."*

Let lofty Bards in flatt'ring Lays,  
Their Heroes puff with fulsome Praise,  
While turgid Numbers swell ;  
The Proud to vex, the Humble please,  
I mourn a greater Man than these,  
And Deeds that theirs excel :

I mourn an honest Farmer's End,  
Whose Labours all Mankind commend,  
As well indeed they may ;  
Since all his Usefulness admit,  
And all partake the Benefit,  
And that too, Day by Day.

Let Heroes (but for Mischief fam'd)  
And Nobles bow to hear it nam'd ;  
They by the Farmer rise ;  
'Tis by his Industry they live ;  
'Tis theirs to take, but his to \* give  
Life's needful best Supplies.

Behold ! ye Proud, both great and small,  
The Man whose Toil supports you all,  
Your great Superior own ;  
All, all should mourn him when he dies,  
And here th' industrious Farmer lies,  
Beneath this humble Stone.

\* Instrumentally under Providence.

## CCXLVIII.

On a SEARCHER after HAPPINESS.—(By HIMSELF.)

Long did I seek (without Success,  
As thou mayst do) true Happiness :

L

I ask'd

I ask'd, in what resides *true Bliss* ?  
Some said in that, some said in this ;  
The Lover said 'twas in his Lafs ;  
The Toper said 'twas in his Glafs ;  
The Miser said 'twas in his Treasure ;  
The Libertine in sensual Pleasure ;  
Some said 'twas in a single Life ;  
Some said 'twas center'd in a Wife ;  
The Hero and the Politician,  
The Men of Learning and Ambition,  
And Numbers whom I need not name,  
Declar'd true Bliss resides in *Fame* ;  
Tho' none could give good Reasons why,  
Yet all cry'd out—come taste and try :  
In short, I tasted that and this,  
In hope to find substantial Bliss,  
And soon perceiv'd they all told Lies,  
And made their Boast of empty Joys :  
At last I ask'd of *Revelation*,  
And found it in *one Word*—SALVATION :  
And bear my Witness on this Stone,  
True Bliss is found in *Christ alone*.

---

## CCXLIX.

On a VIRTUOUS, but UNFASHIONABLE WOMAN.

Of Novelties and Arts, ye Fair,  
Since you so fond are grown,  
I have a Secret to declare,  
That few of you have known :  
This is an Art none can excel,  
Which all should learn and know,  
'Tis call'd the Art of dying well ;  
'Tis learn'd by—living so.  
But I've another Thing to say,  
This Art is always learn'd *To-day* :

She

She who defers it till To-morrow,  
Must die at last in Grief and Sorrow.

---

## CCL.

ON A FRIEND.

Here lies the mortal Part consign'd,  
Of what all seek, but few can find;  
Pity that Life so soon should end,  
Or this Stone tell—here lies a *Friend*.

---

## CCLI.

ON A GOOD MAN, who DISBELIEVED (as many GOOD MEN  
do) the RESURRECTION of the NATURAL BODY.

Here lies without Hope of being rais'd again,  
The Relicks of one of the best of good Men;  
Who firmly believ'd, and expected to find,  
A Body immortal, when this he resign'd.

---

## CCLII.

ANOTHER.

If Spirits, and spiritual Bodies alone,  
Can Heav'n inherit—not Flesh, Blood, and Bone;  
What good can result from believing that Men  
Will return, and resume the *same* Bodies again?  
Let Earth take thy Relicks, Dead bury their Dead;  
But depend on't, my Friend, when thy Spirit is *fled*,  
It will soon be possess'd (tho' thou thinkest it strange)  
Of a Body Immortal that *never can change*.

---

## CCLIII.

ON ONE who only DOUBTED of DITTO.

My Body with perfect Submission I leave,  
To be rais'd, or not rais'd (as God will) from the Grave;  
And if he'll not raise it again from the Dead,  
He'll give me a better, I trust, in its Stead.



## PART III.

CONTAINING

E P I T A P H S

OF THE

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL KINDS.

DESIGNED AS

SATIRES ON VICE AND FOLLY.

" JUSTICE directs my undiffembling Page,  
 " As in a Mirror to reflect the Age ;  
 " That each may see their Beauties and Defects,  
 " View their own Vices, and their dire Effects ;  
 " Satire corrects and wakes lethargic Minds,  
 " Which Luxury in silken Fetters binds ;  
 " Corruption needs its strong deterfive Aid,  
 " To cleanse the Heart deluded and betray'd ;  
 " Its Shafts well-pointed, strike the callous Heart  
 " With Force resistless, like the barbed Dart ;  
 " Where Precepts fail, its Pow'r will oft succeed,  
 " Shame the licentious Act and wicked Deed ;  
 " Restrain the Bold, th' Unruly keep in Awe,  
 " And tame Apostates to fair Virtue's Law ;  
 " While Panegyric like a faithless Friend,  
 " Increases Evils which it scorns to mend ;  
 " The Friend of Vanity, the Nurse of Pride,  
 " Too oft to Guilt and Treach'ry ally'd ;  
 " By false Impressions fortifies the Weak,  
 " And causes Evils which I blush to speak."

" *Speak Satire, for there's none like thee can tell.*"—DEFOE.

## EPITAPH I.

ON a WEAK PRINCE.—(Written in 1776.)

**H**ERE lies a Prince whose Intellects  
 Were for a King too small ;  
 I shall not mention his Defects,  
 But just one Word for all :

Of

Of him it may with Truth be said,  
(If Truth may tell the Tale)  
His *Weakness* all lay in his Head,  
His *Strength* lay in his TAIL !

---

## II.

ON ALEXANDER the GREAT.

Here Alexander lies, the Great,  
Who all the World subdu'd ;  
Here view, ye Heroes of the State,  
Th' *Example* you've pursu'd.  
And know amidst your haughty Rage,  
And thirst for human Slaughter ;  
You must an Enemy engage  
That never will give Quarter.  
Tho' now you make such mighty-Stir,  
And Troops before you fall :  
Death is the greatest Conqueror,  
For he'll subdue you all.

---

## III.

ON A GREAT WARRIOR.

Behold ! the mighty Warrior's gone,  
Once thought as brave a Man as any ;  
If he's a Murd'rer who slays *one*,  
What must he be who slew so many ?

---

## IV.

ON AN HEROIC CAPTAIN in the ARMY.

Here lies Captain Slaughter-man, Warrior's beware,  
There's a Foe you must fight with, who never will  
spare ;  
He conquers all Warriors that e'er took the Field,  
But wounds those the least who most willingly yield :

He values no Grandeur, he conquers e'en Kings,  
 And Empires to him are but trifling Things :  
 Then don't rush upon him with Fire Arms and Drums,  
 But patiently wait till the Conqueror comes :  
 The Wrath of your Maker no longer defy,  
 Renounce, O ye Warriors, your bloody \* Employ ;  
 Your Arms of Rebellion lay down and resign,  
 And trust to no Pow'r that is less than divine :  
 'Tis not for weak Mortals with Death to contend,  
 Repent of your Crimes, and make Jesus your Friend ;  
 And then tho' despoil'd you may be of Life's Breath,  
 You by his Assistance shall triumph o'er Death.

\* The Author being unwilling to crowd these Pages with *Notes* and *long Quotations*, in Confirmation of the Justice of his *Strictures*, on many of the following Characters (which he might readily do, by reciting Passages from the best Writers) has, to prevent swelling the Book, confined himself to the few Notes at the End, on such Characters only as are (too commonly) thought to be irreprehensible, or at least excusable, if not laudable and essential to the well-being of Society, of which this is one.—See Note I.

~~~~~  
 V.

On an IRISH MERCHANT who died in CHESTER a few Years ago, and was buried at St. OSWALD'S, in that CITY.—His DEATH was occasioned by a SURFEIT of CHERRIES.

Ye who have dainty Palates, lend an Ear
 To one who little thought of lying here :
 If you the Cause of my Decease would know,
Repast delicious prov'd my Overthrow !
 By eating Cherries I a Surfeit got,
 And here they've laid my Body down to rot :
 Ye *dear Hibernians*, and ye Britons too,
 O curb your Appetites, whate'er you do ;
 Intemp'rance makes the Suicide and Glutton ;
 Beware of eating—*too much Beef and Mutton*.

VI.

VI.

ON a PROUD and STATELY EPICURE.—(By HIMSELF.)

Here lie the Remains of that stately Machine,
On which I bestow'd all my Care ;
Death rapt at my Door, and he found me within,
And he 'frighted me into Despair.

VII.

ON a MAN of GREAT DEVOTION.

The Man whose Grave you here explore,
Sincere must surely be ;
No Saint was e'er devoted more
To serve his God, than he.
In daily, costly Sacrifice,
In Deed as well as Notion,
And always lifted up his Eyes
When eager at Devotion.
Six Times a Day in public, he
Was at Devotion hearty,
And would devout in *private* be,
As Saints of any Party.
You'll think him in Devotion odd,
While you're these Lines repeating ;
But know—his *Belly* was *his God*,
And *his Devotion*—EATING !

VIII.

ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

His God and he together lie,
But do not think it odd,
For (let me tell you by the Bye)
His *Belly* was his God.

IX.

IX.

ON A VOLUPTUOUS PRIEST.

This Grave contains
 The vile Remains
 Of a voluptuous Priest,
 Who Day by Day
 Was known to flay
 The silly Sheep he fleec'd.
 If Christ to feed
 His Sheep indeed,
 To Wolves had giv'n Command,
 He now had stood
 Among the Good,
 In Heav'n, at his right Hand.
 But he deceiv'd,
 Destroy'd, and griev'd,
 The Flock he should have fed;
 So he must stand
 On Christ's left Hand,
 And hear the Sentence dread.
 Ye Pastors great,
 Who drink and eat
Rich Wines, and greasy Haunches,
 If you'd not miss
 Of future Bliss,
 Deny your—greedy Paunches.

X.

ON A YOUNG FOPPISH CURATE.

Here lies a young Curate, whose foppish Behaviour
 Prov'd he lov'd a vain World better far than his Saviour;
 How he'll stand in the Judgment, the Lord above
 knows,
 But as well as *his Brethren*, he us'd to suppose.

XI.

XI.

ON A POOR ONE.

How hard was this poor Curate's Lot ;
(Blush ! O ye rev'rend Sages)
He all the Work and Hardship got,
His Master all the Wages.

XII.

ON A late POLITE and WITTY NOBLEMAN.

Here lies that *Fribble C——rf——d* ;
Now all his gambling Tricks are past ;
Death seldom makes a Gambler yield,
But Satan tricks him at the last.
His *Principles of Politesse*
Have more Disciples made,
To *infidel Deceitfulness*,
Than any e'er display'd.
What Pity such a noble Beau,
So gay and debonair !
Must to infernal Regions go,
And teach Politeness there.

XIII.

ON FOOT, the GREAT MIMIC.

Tho' *Foot* has kick'd the World about,
And pleas'd Mankind so well,
Death, by one single Kick (I doubt)
Has kick'd him into H-ll !
O what a Kick (if so) was this !
Say, O ye witty Men,
Where is the Foot that able is
To kick him out again ?

XIV.

ON BEN JOHNSON.

Tho' Death here has thee in his Trap,
Have a good Heart, poor Ben ;

His

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Have a good Heart, poor Ben ;

His

His Fetters, by and by, will snap,
 And thou'lt get loose again :
 Till then, I hope thy Spirit's safe,
 Wherever it may be ;
 But while thou at the World dost laugh,
 The World will laugh at thee.

XV.

ON A COMEDIAN.

This Gentleman, Reader, was one of those Men
 Who act all the Follies of Life o'er again ;
 With the common Pretext, and the *specious* Pretence
 Of teaching us Morals, Experience, and Sense ;
 But Death has now sent him (for aught that we know)
 To his *Benefit night*—in the Regions below.

XVI.

A BLUNT HUMOURIST'S OWN EPITAPH.

No flatt'ring Bard shall call me Saint
 On sculptur'd Stone, with gaudy Paint ;
 Now I must give the Worms a Dinner,
 I'll speak the Truth—here lies a Sinner.

XVII.

A SATYRIST'S OWN EPITAPH.

The World is full of Fools and Knaves,
 Wise Men there are but few,
 And Lies are written on their Graves,
 And so vain World adieu.

XVIII.

ON A RELIGIOUS AND RETIRED MAN.

Dear Reader, flee the Wrath to come,
 Serve God and him adore ;

Excuse

Excuse this Preaching on my Tomb,
I never preach'd before.

XIX.

On one STRUCK with INSTANT DEATH, for BLASPHEMY,
as lately RECORDED in the PUBLIC PRINTS.

The Wretch beneath was struck with Death,
For breaking God's Command ;
Destruction fought, but little thought
It was so near at Hand.

Wretches profane, from Oaths abstain,
Ye bold presumptuous Men !
Be warn'd, take Care, next Time you swear,
Lest Death should say—Amen.

XX.

On a PROFANE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

Ye Sons of Vice, who oft rejoice
In your Attainments rare ;
In him we view an Emblem true,
Of what you really are.
Fam'd for Profaneness thro' the Town,
Judge ye if it be right ;
That God should Deeds of Darknesh crown,
With everlasting Light.

XXI.

ON DITTO,
Or a LAWYER.

Dark were his *Deeds*, and *black* was his Employ,
God send him Light and everlasting Joy ;
But if God does him *Justice*, well I know,
His Doom is Darknesh in the Realms below.

XXII.

XXII.

On an OLD CHEAT.

Here lies an old Cheat,
 As full of Deceit
 As any e'er born of a Mother ;
 And ev'ry old Knave
 With one Foot in the Grave,
 Will shortly be in with the other.

XXIII.

On a GOOD HUSBAND, by a THANKFUL WIFE.

Reader, 'tis usual, you know,
 'Mongst erring Mortals here below,
 To praise their Friends departed ;
 So let them do—and so might I
 Extol the Man that here doth lie,
 For none was more true-hearted.
 My Husband was a faithful one,
 And loving too ; but since he's gone,
 And I no longer have him ;
 I care not what the World may say,
 I think it far the wisest Way,
 To praise the God that gave him.

XXIV.

On a MODERN, DECENT, and POLITE WOMAN.

The Woman whose Relicts repose in this Place,
 Kept her Character free from all public Disgrace ;
 And tho' in her Life not one Virtue we see,
 Her Manner was easy, and open, and free :
 The private *Amusements* of Life she pursu'd,
 And always detested the vulgar and rude ;
 And now she is gone to receive the Rewards
 Of *vain Conversation*, * and—*playing at Cards*.

* See Note 2.

XXV.

XXV.

On a COVETOUS MAN.

Here lies a Wretch devoid of Worth;
It plainly by his Life appears,
He ne'er could have enough of Earth,
Till in it over Head and Ears.
Guess not about his future State,
There needs no Guessing be employ'd;
The *Poor* predicted his sad Fate
Years upon Years—before he dy'd.

XXVI.

On a BEAUTIFUL, BUT PROUD WOMAN.

Here lie the Remains of Beauty avow'd,
Like most handsome People, alas! she was proud;
But Pride (as the Proverb is) must have a Fall,
And Death, O ye Beauties, will humble you all.

XXVII.

On a CAPTAIN in the NAVY.

Here lies a Captain in the Navy,
Guilt and Afflictions lying heavy,
(Which he with great Impatience bore)
Sunk him at last to rise no more:
Death conquers all our Men of Might,
Whose Business is to swear and fight;
Yes, and without Repentance true;
Satan will take them *Prison'rs* too.

XXVIII.

On a ZEALOUS and SATIRICAL, but WELL-MEANING MAN.

Dear Readers, I beg you'll take Heed how you hear
False Preachers, false Doctrines, false Christians are
near;

M

Be

Be taught by God's Spirit and Word, what is right,
And Faith and good Works in your Conduct unite :
Professors, like Trees, must be known by their Fruit,
Love the Lord, and your Neighbours, and leave off

Dispute :

If I can't preach within, let me preach out of Door, }
Without *Fee* or *Reward*, for the Good of the Poor ; }
He that preaches hard by, is an *Hireling*, I'm sure. }

XXIX.

On a MODERN GOOD FELLOW.

Here lies a good Fellow,
Who oft has been mellow,
His Exit, no Drunkards are glad on ;
He's a *good one*, they cry'd ;
When he comes to be try'd,
I'm afraid that he'll prove a d—mn'd bad one !

XXX.

On a DISAGREEABLE and CONTENTIOUS WIFE.

Farewel, and I thank thee for going, dear Wife,
For with thee are fled, Noise, Contention, and Strife ;
To recal thee to Life would renew all my Pain,
So I never desire to behold thee again.

XXXI.

On a DRUNKEN HUSBAND.—(By his WIDOW) For a HEAD-
STONE.

My stupify'd Husband lies under this Sod,
That I'm rid of him fairly, I thank thee, O God ;
May I never be ty'd to a Drunkard again,
O Lord I beseech thee to hear me—Amen.

XXXII.

XXXII.

On a THOUGHTLESS SINNER.

In Sin conceiv'd, in Sorrow born,
Train'd up in Thoughtlessness and Pride ;
How sad his Case, and how forlorn !
For as he liv'd, just so he dy'd.

XXXIII.

On a SMOKEING TIPPLER.

He laugh'd and he jok'd,
He tippl'd and smok'd,
And often was all in a Pother :
In this World you know,
'Twas his Heav'n below ;
I'm afraid 'tis his Hell in the other.

XXXIV.

On a VIXEN.

Here lies a Vixen all along,
She had a most unruly Tongue ;
Now Death has made her Tongue lie still,
But it was fore against her Will :
Yet (if its true what * some have said,
Who construe Matters shrewdly)
She's got another in its Stead,
And uses that as rudely ;
And what she was, she still must be,
A Vixen—to Eternity !

* Alluding to the Opinion of those who maintain that Spirits cannot exist without Bodies, nor act otherwise in a future State, than they have been habituated to act here.

XXXV.

On a PLAIN MORALIST.

I never was fond
Of an Epitaph long,
The shorter the better for me ;
I have no more to say,
Than be virtuous To-day,
For To-morrow's uncertain to thee.

XXXVI.

ON DITTO.

Some say the Grave's a Place of Rest,
For all the Weary and Distress ;
But Reader, thou'lt be in a pitiful Case,
If thou dost not find Rest in a far better Place.

XXXVI.

On a HEALTH-DRINKING TOPER.

Here lies a Toper, who (as Fame reports)
Lov'd drinking Healths before all other Sports ;
He drank Folks' Healths so oft that People say,
He drank them—till he drank his own away !

XXVII.

ON DITTO.

Here lies a Toper, much to blame ;
But since he's dead and gone,
Have Mercy on him, common Fame ;
He on himself had none.

XXXVIII.

On a DEBAUCHEE.

By a Life of Intemp'rance, this Son of Excess
Brought his Body to Earth, and his Soul to Distress ;

O Reader,

O Reader, take Warning, and mark this Truth well,
Debauch is at best but a Prelude to H—ll.

XXXIX.

ON a MAN of DARK INTRIGUES.

Come Darkneſs, come, and o'er this Grave,
Thy gloomy Horrors ſpread ;
Thou that conceal'd the living Knave,
Conceal him now he's dead.

XL.

ON an INFIRM, but HUMOUROUS MAN.

From Earth my Body firſt aroſe,
And here to Earth again it goes ;
I ne'er deſire to have it more
To plague me, as it did before.

XLI.

ON a PERSECUTED MAN.

I leave this World with free good Will,
Be cauſe it always uſed me ill ;
I die in Hopes in Heav'n to dwell,
Be cauſe God always uſ'd me well.

XLII.

ON a LEARNED and POLITE LIBERTINE REFORMED.

I have been a Learner of Language polite,
Was long at the School and the College ;
But have learn'd more at home of the Thing that is
right,
Than e'er can be gain'd by ſuch Knowledge.
With their Arts, and their Parts, and their Language
refin'd,
I have found the Polite are Deceivers

To Good most averſe, and to Evil inclin'd ;
 Alas ! for ſuch Chriſtian Believers.
 O Reader, be wiſe, and renounce the vain World,
 In which Knaves and Fools are ſo blended,
 Left thou ſhou'dſt at laſt into Ruin be hurl'd,
 And Miſ'ry that ne'er ſhall be ended.

~~~~~  
 XLIII.

On a BLOCKHEAD.

This Blockhead talk'd of Nature, and *her Works*,  
 In Language only fit for pagan Turks :  
 His Error ſhewn—he ſtar'd, and look'd as odd  
 As if *her Works* were not the Works of God !  
 When ſick, he call'd on Nature for Relief,  
 But Nature ſilent, left him to his Grief :  
 How hard ye modern Pagans is your Lot,  
 For Nature hears—as if ſhe heard you not.

~~~~~  
 XLIV.

On a SELF-MURDERED SOT.

Beneath this Spot there lies a Sot,
 Who kill'd himſelf with drinking ;
 He, when alive, did always ſtrive
 To keep himſelf from thinking.
 Sots, if they will, may praife him ſtill ;
 But ſince his Deeds were evil,
 Sure all the Wiſe may ſay—here lies
 A Martyr to the D---l.

~~~~~  
 XLV.

On PAUL, the PUBLICAN.

Beneath lies Paul (but not the Saint)  
 To give the Worms a Dinner ;  
 His Character is all explain'd  
 In—Publican and Sinners.

XLVI.

## XLVI.

On a MAN of EXTENSIVE DEVOTION.

Here lies a Man of great Devotion,  
And many People lik'd his Notion ;  
What was his Notion tho' (say you)  
Or what was he devoted to ?  
Truth answers quick, your Question's odd,  
Why, any Thing—but serving God.

---

## XLVII.

On an IMPENITENT PROCRASTINATOR.

Death prov'd to him a dreadful Storm,  
Whose Dust lies here interr'd,  
Because he promis'd to reform,  
But never kept his Word.

---

## XLVIII.

On a COMMON CHARACTER.

Here lies at length, to rest from all his Labours,  
A Man that was no better than his Neighbours ;  
He neither did much Harm, nor yet much Good,  
But might have been much better, if he wou'd.

---

## XLIX.

On an UNCOMMON CHARACTER.

From Toil to Rest, from Earth to Heav'n remov'd,  
By bad Men hated, and by good belov'd ;  
Here rests a Man as good as most we've seen,  
Or ever shall—as long as Grass is green.

---

## L.

On DITTO.—(By HIMSELF.)

They who Repentance true delay,  
Oft lay them down in Sorrow ;

God

God always cries repent—To-day,  
The D---l cries—To-morrow.

---

## LI.

ON A MISER.

This Miser lov'd his Gold to that Excess,  
The Want of more alone could him Distress;  
If he's in Heav'n, and must not love it still,  
Depend upon't—he's there against his Will.

---

## LII.

ON A WORTHLESS AND AVARICIOUS FARMER.—(By his  
SERVANT.)

Here lies Farmer *Freebold*, and here let him lie,  
Like a Calf in a Cote, or a Pig in a Sty;  
Now he's safe in his Hole, we've no Reason to mind  
him,  
And as to his Breed, we've enow left behind him:  
It can be no great Crime, tho', to tell our Successors,  
What Wretches once liv'd to become our Oppressors:  
Know then, gentle Reader, the Wealth he obtain'd,  
By the Labour and Sweat of his Servants he gain'd,  
Whom he fed worse than Hogs, with his Swillings and  
Wash,  
And Bread made of light Corn, and such Kind of  
Trash;  
Which, after hard Labour, we fed on at Night,  
And were rous'd in the Morning before it was light:  
From Year's End, to Year's End, in Uplands and  
Meadows,  
His Sons to enrich, thus he toil'd us and fed us,  
Adding Field unto Field, adding House unto House,  
And refusing the Poor as much Meat as a Mouse;  
But now all the Portion of Land he has got,  
Is the Length and the Breadth of himself in this Spot;  
And



And the Muck-worms to whom he has left all his  
Pelf,  
Will take Care he shall not have it long—to himself.

---

## LIII.

## ON DITTO, IN BRIEF.

By the Strength of Manure, and the Sweat of the  
Poor,  
This Muck-worm obtain'd all his Pelf;  
But now this small Spot's all the Ground he has got,  
And he's forc'd to manure it himself.

---

## LIV.

## ON A POLITE GOVERNESS of a BOARDING-SCHOOL.

Here lies Polittia, who so long  
Has tutor'd Female Youth;  
Now to belie the Dead is wrong,  
We'll therefore speak the Truth:  
Great Reputation she acquir'd,  
But not for Piety;  
The Thing for which she was admir'd,  
Was—Affability.  
Hence Good and Evil, Virtue, Vice,  
Or rather Wrong or Right;  
She judg'd of by this Rule concise,  
Polite, or impolite?  
And hence by all her Precepts giv'n,  
'Tis difficult to tell,  
Whether she tutor'd them for Heav'n,  
Or train'd them up for H—ll.  
The Forms of Dress, and of Address,  
Her *chiefest* Care employ'd;  
The Superstructure vain Excess,  
The sole Foundation—Pride.

What



What her Rewards at last will be,

Or where her Soul is gone,

Quite as uncertain seems to me,

As that vain Thing the Ton.

Thus much with Certainty we know,

Therefore with Truth may tell ;

She'll go—where the *politest* go,

Be it to Heav'n, or H—ll.

---

LV.

ON A REFORMED VOLUPTUARY.

I ate, I drank, laugh'd loud, slept long,

And call'd it living well ;

But Conscience told me I was wrong,

And in the Way to Hell :

I therefore chang'd my Way of Life,

Did Good, refrain'd from Evil ;

Do ye, my Children, and my Wife,

Thus disappoint the D---l.

---

LVI.

ON A MISERLY FATHER.

Here lies a Father, who in Life

Made Gold his God and greatest Treasure ;

And almost starv'd himself and Wife,

To give his Son the greater Pleasure.

He left ten thousand Pounds, they say,

Or ten Times ten (no Matter whether)

To one who squanders it away

Faster than it was scrap'd together.

---

LVII.

ON A SWIFT-FOOTED RACER.

Here lies the swift Racer, so fam'd for his running,

In Spite of his Boasting, his Swiftnefs, and Cunning ;

In

In leaping o'er Hedges, and skipping o'er Fields,  
Death soon overtook him, and tript up his Heels.

---

## LVIII.

ON AN IMPENITENT MODERN INFIDEL.

Here lies a modern Wit, profane,  
Who laught at Revelation ;  
Treated Religion with Disdain,  
And dy'd without Salvation.  
Pray be admonish'd in this Place,  
Repent, believe, live well ;  
For sure it is a dreadful Case,  
At last to go to Hell.

---

## LIX.

ON A HAIR-DRESSER.

Here Master Puff has Dust enough,  
Tho' once he look'd much prouder ;  
For by the Breath of mighty Death,  
Himself is turn'd to Powder !

---

## LX.

ON ROBERT POWELL.—Written by DESIRE, and now IN-  
SCRIBED ON THE HEAD-STONE over his GRAVE, in St.  
JOHN'S Church-yard, CHESTER (but with some ALTER-  
ATION.)

Farewel, facetious Bob—adieu,  
Thy Follies and thy Vices too,  
Are now possess'd by many :  
But ah ! poor Bob, how few possess  
Thy Humour and Facetiousness ;  
Alas !—but few—if any.

## LXI.

## LXI.

ON DITTO,

Written on the same Occasion.

Ye Sons of Humour, read this Stone,  
 Alas! facetious Bob is gone;  
 Left his Companions, and his Pots,  
 And dy'd like other drunken Sots,  
 A Martyr in the *stupid Cause*  
 Of Bacchus, and his murd'ring Laws:  
 Death stopt him in his mad Career,  
 And sent him to—the Lord knows where!

## LXII.

ON A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.—(By his WIDOW.)

Here lies my drunken Husband, Tom,  
 Who never would be parted from  
 A Pot of strong October;  
 And therefore bless'd be God he's gone;  
 E'en take him Death, for there is none  
 But thee can keep him sober.

## LXIII.

ON A GAY LADY who DIED rather SUDDENLY.

Loathsome and foul beneath this Stone,  
 The gay Florella lies;  
 In whose fair Form the Graces shone,  
 And sparkl'd in her Eyes.  
 Devoted to the Pomp of Dress  
 Too long, alas! she'd been;  
 The End of all her vain Excess,  
 To see, and to be seen.  
 Ye modish fair ones, lend an Ear,  
 Before it be too late;  
 Take Warning by your Sister here,  
 And shun her fearful Fate.

She

She would not see her great Mistake,  
Till yielding up her Breath;  
Then cry'd, as if her Heart would break,  
How terrible is Death!

---

## LXIV.

ON A MILLINER.

The Fair beneath this Tombstone laid,  
And quite disfigur'd now,  
Thro' Thoughtlessness once chose the Trade,  
To break the *Christian Vow*.  
By making "*Pomps and Vanities*,"  
She earn'd her daily Bread;  
Her Study, Nature to disguise,  
And make a—*frightful Head*.  
And now she in the Grave is laid,  
She still is in the Ton;  
For here the Ladies that are dead,  
Dress like her, ev'ry one:  
And even after Judgment-day,  
She'll still in Fashion be,  
And imitate fine Ladies gay,  
To all Eternity.

---

## LXV.

ON THE OLD MILLER OF T-V--N.

Here lies the old Miller,  
As strong as a Pillar,  
He once could have stood under Corn;  
'Tis a Thousand to one,  
But the old Miller John  
Now wishes he ne'er had been born.  
To drink, swear, and fight,  
Us'd to give him Delight,  
'Twas the Life of his whole Conversation;

N

If

If such Men are you,  
And the Scriptures be true,  
Repent, or you'll miss of Salvation.

---

## LXVI.

ON A VIRTUOUS and PIOUS WOMAN.

Reader, you know 'tis often said,  
Among Encomiums on the Dead,  
That *Virtue, Wit, and Beauty*, lie  
Beneath the Stone that meets your Eye!  
Which People say, who search the Ground,  
Could never in a Grave be found.  
Presuming, therefore, thou'rt more wise  
Than to admire Absurdities;  
I must the honest Truth confess,  
They are not here, yet ne'ertheless  
She had them once, and has them still,  
And keeps them, and for ever will;  
But with them she to Heav'n is fled,  
And left us Bones and Dirt instead.

---

## LXVII.

ON A VIXEN, by her SURVIVING HUSBAND.

The greatest Blessing of my Life,  
Was surely this—to lose my Wife;  
Who can expect that I'll look sad,  
Who've lost the greatest Curse I had?

---

## LXVIII.

ON A FASHIONABLE LADY.

This Lady all her Life employ'd  
In worshipping the God of *Pride*!  
Oh! what would she at Death have giv'n,  
For so much Service done to Heav'n?

LXIX.



## LXIX.

A SIMPLE MAN'S EPITAPH on his WIFE.

I've lost the Comfort of my Life;  
 Death came and took away my Wife;  
 And now I don't know what to do,  
 Left Death should come—and take me too.

~~~~~

On one who had been OVER-ANXIOUS to GET RICHES.
 Reader, I've left this World, in which
 I had a World to do;
 Sweating and toiling to be rich,
 Just such a Fool as you. *

* The Author is obliged to another Hand for this original Epitaph.

LXX.

~~~~~

On L---s B-----E, late of CHESTER; written at the TIME of  
 his DEATH, and fixed on the DOOR of a TIPLING HOUSE  
 in which he DIED.

Here lies L---s B-----e, who shorten'd his Life  
 By whoring and drinking (he ne'er had a Wife)  
 He sold his Estate, and he drank till he'd no Land;  
 He ruin'd, alas! both his Body and Soul, and  
 He dy'd in the Hands of the great *Doctor Doland*. \*

\* A quondam Pretender to cure a certain Disease.

## LXXI.

On a LOVELY MAID.

Beneath this humble Stone are laid,  
 The Relicks of a lovely Maid;  
 Who never practis'd fly Deceit,  
 Nor learn'd to play the wily Cheat;  
 Nor yet to flatter, nor to scold;  
 But mind—she was but *nine months old*.

## LXXII.

On an UNPOLITE, but CHARITABLE MAN.

The Man whose Dust finds here a Bed,  
The Naked cloath'd, the Hungry fed ;  
But when the Rich desir'd to come,  
He always bade them—dine at home.

## LXXIII.

On JOSEPH LIGHTFOOT, who coming into a BARBER'S Shop  
(while the SUBJECT of CONVERSATION turned upon EPI-  
TAPHS) occasioned the COMPANY to solicit Something like  
an EPITAPH for him; when the AUTHOR, being much pressed  
thereto, took up the PEN, and in a few MINUTES wrote the  
FOLLOWING :

Here lies *Joseph Lightfoot*, a Rustic by Birth,  
Who tumbled about, and then fell into—Earth ;  
Tho' born to some Fortune, for want of a Head,  
His Actions, when living, proclaim'd him but dead :  
Yet free from Dishonesty, Art, or Design,  
Tho' born in an Hour when dull Planets did shine ;  
Death call'd in these Accents—come hither poor Joe !  
And all his Friends answer'd—thou'rt *welcome* to go.

## LXXIV.

On a COXCOME, or MAN of FASHION.

Here Master Fribble's Body lies,  
As great a Fop as any ;  
No Fool e'er thought himself more wise,  
And there (you know) are many.  
But where is Master Fribble gone,  
To Heaven, or to H—ll ?  
Why, which do you think is most the Ton ?  
You know sure very well.

## LXXV.

## LXXV.

On the late H---Y E--W-STLE, of CHESTER.

Here lies H---y E--w stle, rich Men beware  
How you pamper a Coxcomb, to think he's your Heir;  
For this Man made one on false Hopes to rely,  
Who curs'd him when dead, tho' he pray'd he might  
die.

---

## LXXVI.

On a MAN of MORAL and RELIGIOUS OBSERVATION.

In the World I have seen,  
That the Proud and the Mean  
Are favour'd with Smiles and Caresses;  
And the Humble in Mind  
Are certain to find,  
Rude Insults, and Frowns, and Distresses.  
But mark well my Friend,  
How this Matter will end,  
When a Stop shall be put to the Evil;  
The Humble shall rest  
In the Realms of the blest,  
Which will make all the Proud play the D—l.

---

## LXXVII.

On a BISHOP's late SECRETARY.

Here lies *Jemmy H—p—r*, by Proctors deplor'd,  
Who once had the Honour to wait on my Lord;  
And from all who for *Orders* did *Candidates* stand,  
Receiv'd the *round Fee*—in the Palm of his Hand;  
With eating, and drinking, and Fits of the Gout,  
In Age far advanc'd, by Disease quite worn out;  
Not having a Wife or a Child for his Heir,  
Nor Sister nor Brother for whom he would care;  
To a Proctor he left both his Goods and his Cash,  
Which, when Death close approach'd, he began to  
think rash;

When it seems (by the Craft of a fly Servant Maid,  
 Who envying the Proctor, had Pow'r to persuade)  
 At length he consented to alter his Will,  
 Which sore griev'd the Proctor, and baffled his Skill:  
 Two Hundreds he left her, House Furniture too,  
 Then yielded to Death just as other Folk do:  
 And \* here (having done with all earthly Affairs)  
 Still waits on my Lord—at the Foot of the Stairs.

\* He was buried at the Foot of the Stairs of the Bishop's Chapel, leading into the broad Aile of the Cathedral of —.

~~~~~  
 LXXVIII.

On a COQUET, or LADY of the TON.

Gay Flavia's Remains lie here;
 Whose Joy and darling Passion
 Was always foremost to appear
 In ev'ry reigning Fashion:
 But whether to Heav'n or to H—ll,
 You'll say went Flavia's Ghost;
 Why any Body sure may tell!
 Which is in Fashion most?

~~~~~  
 LXXIX.

On a PERSON much DESPISED by the WORLD for his NON-  
 CONFORMITY to it.—(By his FRIEND.)

Farewel my much esteemed Friend,  
 Thou with the World at last art even;  
 Scorn and Contempt are at an End,  
 And thou blest Man got safe to Heav'n.  
 The Wicked often wish'd thee dead,  
 Because thou long'dst for Joys divine;  
 And now with Truth it may be said,  
 They've got their Wish—and thou'st got thine.

LXXX.

## LXXX.

On a SHARPER.

So sharp was he that few could match him,  
Yet not so sharp—but Death could catch him.

---

## LXXXI.

On an INTOLERABLE SCOLD.

If she's in Hell, with leave to scold and brawl,  
'Twill be to her no Punishment at all ;  
If she's in Heav'n, and there must hold her Tongue,  
She'll not (if she can help it) stay there long.

---

## LXXXII.

On a KNAVE.

Here now he lies to stink once more,  
As long as stink he may, or can :  
Whose dirty Actions stank before  
In the Nose of ev'ry honest Man.

---

## LXXXIII.

On a COMMON HARLOT, who died of the VENEREAL  
DISEASE.

Harlots behold, with streaming Eyes, the Spot,  
Where now a ruin'd Sister lies to rot,  
On whose poor Soul no Censure dare to pass ;  
Think on your own, for what are you, alas !  
Wretches to all Eternity undone,  
If Death should finish what the P—x begun.

---

## LXXXIV.

On a DRUNKARD, who DY'D in a FIT of DEBAUCH.

Here lies a poor Drunkard ('tis well for his Wife)  
Who complain'd of bad Jobs all the Days of his Life ;  
Yet (if all his bad Jobs in the Alehouse we view)  
His Wife had most Cause to complain of the two :  
But of all the bad Jobs this poor Wretch did befall,  
The Loss of his Soul was the *worst Job of all.*

## LXXXV.



## LXXXV.

On a COMMON SOLDIER.

Here lies (the stoutest Men must fall)  
 One of the Faith's Defenders,  
 Unless to Faith our great Men all  
 Are nothing but—*Pretenders.*

## LXXXVI.

On a late RECTOR and PRÆBEND.

Here lies Rector *M—yn*, and Prebend likewise,  
 Who Spectacles us'd for strong bodily Eyes ;  
 Neglecting true Help for the Eyes of his Mind,  
 By Nature and much Sensuality blind ;  
 If his be thy Case, Reader, make this Remark,  
 When Death shuts thine Eyes, thou'lt be quite in the  
 Dark.

## LXXXVII.

On TOM TIPPLER, a CITY HUNTSMAN.

Tippler, the Huntsman of the Town,  
 By Liquor strong quite hunted down,  
 Here close in *Cover* lies ;  
 Altho' he never lost the Scent,  
 At length poor Tom his Strength is spent,  
 And now he cannot rise.  
 His rural Sports (before resign'd)  
 With *strong Sir John* full bent in Mind,  
 To try his Strength in *Chace* :  
 Sir John was strong, and of Renown,  
 Death cross'd the Road, and threw him down,  
 And Tippler lost the Race.  
 Oft he the thorny Hedge had took ;  
 Oft had he leap'd the flowing Brook,  
 And tript the dewy Plain ;

But

But now he's left both *Pack* and *Park*,  
And ta'en a *Leap into the Dark*,  
Where he must still remain.

## LXXXVIII.

ON A CHURCH-SLEEPER.

Here sleeps a Man who oft did sleep and snore,  
Within the consecrated Walls before ;  
If he at Saints in Heav'n should take a Peep,  
Instead of praising God—he'll fall asleep.

## LXXXIX.

ON A PANEGYRIST.

Beneath lies all—except the Spirit,  
Of one who oft prais'd Men of Merit ;  
But he was credited by none,  
Because he said—himself was one.

## XC.

ON A WOMAN OF GREAT SENSIBILITY.

Of Sensibility too nice,  
And yet not nice enough ;  
This Woman by her dying Cries  
Thought Death by far too rough.  
At trifling Things her Heart would melt ;  
In short, she felt so odd,  
All Sensibilities she felt,  
Except—the Love of God.

## XCI.

ON \* BELLAY, the FRENCH POET.

Descended (by my Name you'll trace)  
Of antient and of honour'd Race,  
I rest, Bellay—the Poet ;  
Yet not a good one, I confess,  
My Verses clearly shew it.

\* See Hackett's Collection.

This

This I can say ('tis not too much)  
In my own Commendation ;  
I was an honest Man, and such  
I lov'd in ev'ry Station :  
If therefore thou who'rt passing by,  
An honest Heart hast got,  
In Peace here let my Ashes lie,  
And pray disturb them not.

---

## XCII.

On a MISER.

Think not this Spot is consecrated,  
For if you do, you're strangely cheated ;  
For underneath this very Sod,  
Lies one who made his Gold his God.

---

## XCIII.

On a CRITICAL PHILOSOPHER.

This critical and philosophic Elf,  
Found ev'ry Thing, but God, and lost himself ;  
Had heav'nly Wisdom been his grand Pursuit,  
He'd found his God, and sav'd himself to boot.

---

## XCIV.

On a DANCING MASTER.

Tread lightly, and turn out your Toes,  
Or here you but encroach ;  
This Gentleman was one of those  
The Vulgar can't approach.  
See that you pay him due Respect,  
And make an humble Bow ;  
But if his Conduct you inspect,  
'Tis what he can't allow.

However

However, if you wish to know  
 How he his Time has spent ;  
 To give you just a Hint or so,  
 We have obtain'd Consent.  
 In brief, he Christ's Disciples taught  
 To dance ! —but be it known  
 That after all (whate'er they thought)  
 They prov'd to be his own !

~~~~~  
 XCV.

On one who MARRIED for RICHES, and DIED of REPLE-
 TION.

Here lies to rot, and mix with sordid Mould,
 What once for Pelf, alas ! was bought and sold ;
 Be warn'd, fair Reader, flee the Lust of Pelf,
 Marry for Love, and don't destroy thyself.

~~~~~  
 XCVI.

On MADAM CHINA, so-called from her saying that the QUALITY were not MADE of the same MATERIALS as the COMMON PEOPLE, the former being the REFINED CHINA METAL, the latter only COARSE DELF, or EARTHENWARE !—Addressed to the CHURCHWARDENS and OVERSEERS of ———, in the CITY of ———.

How dare you lay this Lady here ?  
 How dare you do such Things ?  
*She* ought to have been bury'd near  
 Nobility and Kings.  
 What ! lay her with the *common Dead* !  
 O monstrous ! what Disgrace !  
 Why was not *Madam China* laid  
 In some exalted Place ?  
 Why surely, Churchmen, you forgot  
 What once she said herself ;  
 The *China Metal* should not rot  
 Among the *common Delf*.

You

You might have known sure well enough,  
 That Madam China-ware  
 Was made of more *refined Stuff*  
 Than common People are.  
 But know, that she you thus provoke,  
 Will with you all be even,  
 And never suffer common Folk  
 To sit near her in Heav'n.

~~~~~  
 XCVII.

ON A PIOUS MAN, whose NAME WAS NUTT.

Death crack'd this *Nut*, which Time had fill'd so well,
 God took the Kernel, Earth here keeps the Shell.

~~~~~  
 XCVIII.

ON AN ENTHUSIASTIC PREACHER.

The Doctrine he taught who beneath lies engrav'd,  
 Was *doubt* and be *d-mn'd*, and *believe* and be *fav'd*.

~~~~~  
 XCIX.

ON A MODERN COMIC, DROLL, and PROFANE WIT.

Reader of Christian Gravity draw near,
 And tremble for the Wretch whose Dust lies here;
 If ever Character these Words did fit,
 "Polite Apostate from God's Grace to Wit;" *
 'Twas that of this facetious comic Droll,
 Who gain'd the World's Applause to lose his Soul.
 By his Buffoon'ry, dearly bought and sold,
 He got some Fame, and eke a little Gold,
 With which he strutted in a powder'd Trim,
 And mimic'd modern Fops, as they did him,
 Till Death, the mighty Conqueror, at one Blow,
 Sent him to raise a horrid Laugh—below.
 From croud'd Theatres, and loud Applause,
 A famous Actor—in the D—l's Cause.

* Young's Satires.

His

His Puns, Bon-mots, quaint Sayings, and queer Songs,
 Demonstrate to what Master he belongs;
 And since he was so clever in *his Way*,
 He who employ'd him must his Wages pay:
 But if by some (as yet unknown) Desire
 He should by any Means to Heav'n aspire,
 Without some Miracle of Grace, I fear,
 He'll not be *qualified* for *acting there*;
 And being dismiss'd, *politely* he will say,
 Adieu, by G--d *I ne'er rehear'd that Play*.

C.

ON DITTO, in BRIEF, address'd to his BRETHREN.
 Here lies a Man who play'd the Fool,
 To please a Fool's Desire;
 Be thou no longer Satan's Tool,
 Lest thou a Fool expire.

CI.

ON A FAT LANDLADY, or HOSTESS.
 In Coffin almost broad as long,
 Here lies our red-fac'd Dolly;
 Who when she was unwed, and young,
 Was neither fat nor jolly.
 No Woman better lov'd her Guts,
 For she lov'd Rum and Brandy,
 As well as Squirrels cracking Nuts,
 Or Children Sugar-candy:
 And as for Eatables; in short,
 She lov'd both Roast and Boil'd,
 Fish, Flesh, or Fowls, of any Sort,
 If not by Cooking spoil'd.
 But toward her latter End, 'tis said,
 She chiefly liv'd on *Chicken*;

O

And

And I'll assure thee, now she's dead,
The Worms have pretty *picking*.
As to her Soul, if that's at Rest,
It must be for this Reason ;
Because she liv'd on Things the best,
That she could get—in Season.

CII.

ON A CELEBRATED BEAUTY.

What once delighted all the Town,
And did so gay appear,
Is now so vastly frightful grown,
We're forc'd to hide it here.

CIII.

ON AN HYPOCRITICAL PREACHER,

The Preacher's Dust finds here Abode,
Who was so great an Elf,
To preach that Men should turn to God,
But never turn'd himself.

CIV.

ON A MODERN SCOFFER.

Here lie a modern Scoffer's vile Remains,
Who suffer'd Satan to employ his Brains ;
And by his Wit beguile his Soul to sin,
For the poor Satisfaction of a Grin :
Jest not with holy Things, or thou shalt see,
Satan at last will make a Jest of thee.

CV.

ON A LADY of the TON.

Pray stop, and read, for here you may,
A Tombstone o'er a Lump of Clay,
Which once was a fine Lady gay ;
Pride was her greatest Foible.

Ye modern Ladies of the Ton,
If you would know where she is gone,
And you must go to, ev'ry one,
Read Conscience and the Bible.

CVI.

On a MAN of FASHIONABLE TROUBLES.

My Road to this was full of Thorns,
My Troubles have been many ;
Among the Rest, the Cuckold's Horns,
The worst of Plagues of any.
But here I've found a resting Place,
From jilting Jades, and Dunning ;
I'm free from all the World's Disgrace,
And faithless Woman's Cunning.
And when the solemn Hour is come,
I hope to stand acquitted ;
While Whores and Rogues shall hear their Doom,
For Cuckoldom committed.

CVII.

On a BALLOONER.

This Gentleman aloft would go,
To see which Way the Wind might blow,
And recognize the Moon ;
But here the Flyer for Fame and Chink,
Falls to the Ground, and ends in Stink,
Just like his own Balloon.

CVIII.

On an OFFICER in the ARMY.

This Gentleman, Readers, defended the Nation,
By whoring, and drinking, and calling D—nation ;
A wonderful Way of *defending* indeed !
However he thought that none else could succeed.

CIX.

Written under a MONUMENT, on which were INSCRIBED the following WORDS: " BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

" *Blessed are they that mourn*" for Sin,
 For Christ said so of old ;
 But curs'd are they that mourn like him,
 To part with Bags of Gold.
 Mourn, Marble mourn, in Grief extreme,
 Great Cause there is most sure ;
 For marble Stones to weep for him,
 But—none at all for the Poor.

CX.

On a MUCH-ADMIR'D LADY.

At length from Courts, and Balls, and Plays retir'd,
 Here lies a Form that once was much admir'd,
 By Fops, and Beaux, and ev'ry Coxcomb Elf,
 But none admir'd her like—her own dear Self.

CXI.

On a GAY WIFE, who DIED of a MISCARRIAGE.

Here lies a gay Wife,
 Depriv'd of her Life,
 Who scarcely two Months had been marry'd ;
 Tho' it can't be deny'd,
 'Tis the first Time she dy'd,
 Yet 'tis not the first Time she miscarry'd.

CXII.

On an IMPENITENT SON of REVENGE, who WAS KILLED
 in a DUEL.

Could he be taken into Heav'n,
 Where holy Angels dwell,
 Impenitent, and unforgiven,
 'T would be to him a Hell.

But

But whether to Heav'n, or Hell he goes,
He'll be a wretched Elf;
Or if to neither, you suppose
He's—Hell within himself.

CXIII.

ON A COMMON WHORE.

Long was the List of her detested Crimes,
The Scandal of her Sex, and modern Times;
Short was her Life, because of little Worth,
For common Whores soon turn to common Earth.

CXIV.

ON A FAMOUS, BUT TYRANNICAL AND BLOODY-MINDED
HERO. *

Here lies a Hero, from the World retir'd,
By most lamented, and by most admir'd;
The great lament him, owning, while they sigh,
He that kill'd others, now himself must die:
The sanguine Sons of Slaughter boast his Deeds,
And hold them up to him, who him succeeds;
The Sons of Virtue and Good-will to Man,
Abhor his *Actions*, and detest his Plan,
And yet admire, amid such Waste of Blood,
A Man so bad should be accounted good:
Impossible a monumental Stone
Should tell of half the Mischief he has done;
And 'tis the greatest Wonder under Heav'n,
If so much Guilt can ever be forgiv'n.

* See Note I.

CXV.

ON A MODERN, CHARITABLE LADY.

Esteem'd, and yet despis'd, by all who knew her,
Here lies a Friend to Folly—and the Poor;

Who much bestow'd on Balls, and Plays, and Dress,
 And yet reliev'd some Objects of Distress;
 Her inconsistent Life presents to View,
 What Folly aping Charity would do:
 He who laments her Death in his Complaint,
 May truly say—here lies a modern Saint:
 And thou, Reader, as thou this dost view,
 Mayst add—here lies a modern Sinner too.

~~~~~  
 CXVI.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

Good Sense and good Fortune this Lady possess'd,  
 But how she employ'd them, her Day-book shews best;  
 Forty Shillings a Year she bestow'd on the Poor,  
 But on *Superfluities*—forty Times more.

~~~~~  
 CXVII.

ON A MODERN, PROFANE FOXHUNTER, supposed to be
 KILLED in the CHACE, amidst OATHS and IMPRECATIONS.
 Death says he has kennel'd the Foxhunter here,
 But Satan cries, how canst thou make that appear?
 Thou hast kennel'd his Body, 'tis true, in this Hole,
 But I can say more, for—I've kennel'd his Soul.

~~~~~  
 CXVIII.

ON A MODERN RECTOR.

Beneath these consecrated Stones,  
 Repose a modern Rector's Bones;  
 Who in his Youth got Education,  
 Sufficient for his future Station;  
 Hence he was deem'd well qualify'd,  
 To be to Heav'n a trusty Guide;  
 Accordingly he took Degrees,  
 And got a Place with common Fees;

And

And fifteen Minutes, and no more,  
He preach'd—or rather read his Lore.  
One Day in seven, by which he meant  
To prove his Flock, should be *content* ;  
While he was discontent, we know,  
With what he got for doing so ;  
And in a Synod of Decrees,  
He voted for *Pluralities*.

## CXIX.

ON A GREAT SCHOLAR, DYING IN TERROR.  
This Scholar vain,  
Did Knowledge gain,  
But hated Wisdom's School ;  
And when he dy'd,  
Was terrify'd  
To find himself a Fool.

## CXX.

ON A PIOUS MAN, whose NAME WAS \* CRABE,  
Sure here we do a Wonder meet,  
Of heav'nly Grace and Pow'r ;  
Which made a Crab to taste so sweet,  
That was by Nature *four* !

\* See Hacket's Collection, Page 50, Vol. X.

## CXXI.

ON A MODERN MASTER of the ART of DECEPTION,  
This Master of Deception thought,  
While he his Tricks to others taught,  
He was not doing Evil :  
But when Death came, alas ! he griev'd  
To find *himself* at last deceiv'd,  
And that too—by the D—l.

## CXXII.

## CXXII.

ON AN IMPUDENT FELLOW.

My Vices were many, my Virtues were few,  
And if they were Counterfeits—what's that to you?

---

## CXXIII.

ON A MODERN, FASHIONABLE MAIDEN LADY.

For Elegance of Form and Dress,  
This Maid was fam'd through Life ;  
Had she had Christian Seriousness,  
She might have been a Wife.  
Learn hence, if you're not good and wise,  
Tho' beautiful and smart,  
You may attract a thousand Eyes,  
But cannot charm one Heart.

---

## CXXIV.

ON A TRADUCED MAIDEN LADY.

The World accounts some wanton Dames  
As modest as they should be,  
And worthy honourable Names  
As if they really could be :  
Hence human Blindness we explore ;  
But what seems here the oddest,  
The World esteem'd this Maid a W—e,  
While she, in Fact, was modest.

---

## CXXV.

ON AN OLD MAID.

Close by an old Maid,  
As the Vulgar have said,  
Lies safely repos'd in a Vault ;  
But the Vulgar do err,  
If they mean to aver,  
That to die an old Maid was *her* Fault.

## CXXVI.

## CXXVI.

On a FOWLER.

Behold the Sportsman of the Field,  
To Death at last himself must yield,  
However brave or witty :  
Death would not over him relent,  
Because upon the Innocent  
Himself would have no Pity.

## CXXVII.

On a VICAR'S MODISH WIFE.

Here lies to moulder into Dirt,  
That haughty Jade, the Vicar's Wife ;  
Who did the good Man so much Hurt,  
To make him live a modish Life.  
His House was open to the Poor  
Before he had this lofty Dame ;  
Since then, they're driven from his Door ;  
To Christian Pastors what a Shame !  
All that the Needy should have had,  
She spent in Luxury and Pride ;  
And all his real Friends were glad,  
Soon as they heard it said—she dy'd.

## CXXVIII.

On a CUCKOLD-MAKER.

Here lies a lewd Fellow, who, while he drew Breath,  
In the Midst of his Life was in Quest of his Death ;  
Which he quickly obtain'd, for it cost him his Life,  
For being in Bed with another Man's Wife.

## CXXIX.

On a SCAVENGER.

This Man by Industry and Pains,  
Did dirty Work, for little Gains ;

This,

This (tho' they look so grand and gay)  
Is more than our great Men can say.

---

## CXXX.

On an USURER.

Ten thousand Pounds this Man was worth,  
Which to the Poor he should have giv'n;  
But hoarding Interest on Earth,  
He lost his Interest in Heav'n.

---

## CXXXI.

On a SERIOUS MAN.—(By HIMSELF.)

Howe'er the giddy World may laugh,  
The Time is drawing nigh,  
(E'en while they read my Epitaph)  
When Death will make them cry.

---

## CXXXII.

On a FLAMING ZEALOT.

This Man like Aqua-fortis was,  
Who here to Earth is turn'd;  
And hence it always came to pass,  
Whate'er he touch'd, he burn'd.  
Zealot beware what thou'rt about,  
Examine well thine Heart,  
For Death will shortly find thee out,  
And shew thee what thou art.  
Great is the Danger of Extremes,  
Be not so great an Elf,  
To kindle such unholy Flames,  
As will destroy thyself.

## CXXXIII.



## CXXXIII.

On a HIGHWAYMAN (dying PENITENT.)

You that pass by, and cast an Eye,  
Suppress not Pity's Tear,  
Nor scorn this Stone, tho' I must own  
A Highwayman lies here.

You've greater Robbers far than me,  
Or any Highway Robber,  
Who fleece and rob you constantly,  
But I was but a Jobber.

However, since I've done amiss,  
I freely must confess it ;  
And so must you who're reading this,  
Or you can ne'er be blessed.

Let Robbers all, both great and small,  
Who have my Crimes repented,  
Remember well, tho' here I fell,  
A Highwayman repented.

## CXXXIV.

On the UNFORTUNATE JOHN STONE, the STATE MANIAC  
so called.

Here all alone lies poor John Stone,  
Alas ! how great his Trial ;  
O sad to tell, in Love he fell  
With England's P——s R——l.

His Passion bold he freely told,  
In Verse and Prose most moving,  
And long in Pains wore Bedlam's Chains,  
For that *great Crime* of loving.

But now poor John, his Trouble's gone,  
Kind Death at last reliev'd him  
From all those Chains, and all those Pains,  
Which ah ! too long had griev'd him.

Young

Young Men beware, how you declare  
 For Royal Blood Love's Passion;  
 For if you do, you'll surely rue  
 Your wretched Situation.

Remember, Kings are mighty Things,  
 And let your Hearts be guarded,  
 Whene'er you spy a Princess nigh,  
 Lest you're like John rewarded.

~~~~~  
 CXXXV.

ON AN HONEST, but BIGOTED QUAKER.

Here lies a plain and honest Quaker,
 Who fear'd, and lov'd, and serv'd his Maker;
 He hated Flattery, lov'd plain Dealing,
 Had many Virtues, but one Failing;
 Which always has an ill Effect,
 The Man was partial to his Sect.

~~~~~  
 CXXXVI.

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER AN INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENTAL  
 STONE, erected by A DOATING FATHER, to the MEMORY  
 of an ABANDONED and PROFLIGATE SON.

A doating Father here has built -  
 A Tombstone for his Son;  
 As if to hide his Sin and Guilt,  
 Some virtuous Deeds had done.  
 Tho' by his Son's abandon'd Ways,  
 He was disgraced before;  
 The Monument he here doth raise,  
 Will shame him ten Times more.

~~~~~  
 CXXXVII.

ON A HUMOURIST.

Dear Friends, pray what was that you said?
 You told the World, that I was dead!

But

But let me tell you, by the bye,
 You've told them more than half a Lie,
 For tho' my Body can't survive,
 My *better Part* is still alive.

CXXXVIII.

ANOTHER,
 FOR a HEAD-STONE.

Tho' some who think they me survive,
 Have said, that I'm no more,
 I find myself now more alive,
 Than e'er I was before.
 As to my Body you may see,
 Tho' far from what it was,
 'Tis still alive, as Earth can be,
 And helps to bring forth Grass.

CXXXIX.

For the MONUMENT of a GREAT, but TYRANNICAL WAR-
 RIOR (representing the RESURRECTION of the DECEASED)
 Lie still in the Hole into which thou art cram'd,
 For as sure as thou risest, so sure thou'll be d—'d.

CXL.

ON a COMMON SOLDIER.

Preferring Harlots to a Wife,
 And ranging to a Home,
 Lur'd by the Hope of lazy Life,
 And fir'd by beat of Drum.
 He, in the Heat of youthful Blood, *
 To Sin became a Slave,
 And turn'd his Back on all that's Good,
 To be a Soldier brave.

* See Note 3.

Roving about from Place to Place,
 By Law alone restrain'd,
 From coming to the sad Disgrace,
 To punish Vice ordain'd.
 The Nation's Burden and Disgrace,
 The Dread of all good Men;
 He for Damnation pray'd, alas!
 'Till Death reply'd—Amen.
 If thou would'st shun an idle Life,
 And Comrades so prophane,
 Leave not thy Parents or thy Wife,
 To join that wicked train.
 For oh! how dreadful is their Fate,
 Who Live as Soldiers do;
 For him to mend is now too late,
 But not too late for you.

~~~~~  
 CXLI.

On an HYPOCRITE.

This Man did to his Betters Cry,  
 If you'll be sav'd, yourselves deny.  
 But all the while the silly Elf  
 Neglected and indulg'd himself.

~~~~~  
 CXLII.

On a GAY and POLITE MODERN NON-CONFORMIST.

His long-pamper'd Body lies here in the Lurch,
 With that Head so oft powder'd and curl'd,
 For tho' he would *never conform to the Church*,
 He would *always conform to the World*.

~~~~~  
 CXLIII.

On a PIOUS and LIBERAL-MINDED DISSENTER.

Would you know what Religion he had,  
 Be his Character thus understood,

*A Dissenter from all that is bad,  
A Consenter to all that is good.*

CXLIV.

ON A TRADUCED REFORMER.

The World regards some Infidels  
As Christians most sincere,  
But Death a different Story tells,  
As in the good Man here.  
It call'd this Man an Hypocrite,  
But now his Life is past,  
And his good Deeds are come to light,  
He proves a Saint at last.

CXLV.

ON A CUCKOLD, written by HIMSELF, and addressed to his  
FAITHLESS WIFE.

Oft have I mourn'd for thee my Wife,  
Because I lov'd thee as my Life,  
Yes, and to shew I love thee still,  
I must admonish thee, and will;  
If thou from Sin art not returning,  
In vain thou wear'st a Suit of Mourning;  
Either forsake thine evil Deeds,  
Or else throw off thy mourning Weeds,  
For God's Sake tell the World no more,  
Thou'rt both an Hypocrite and Whore.

CXLVI.

ON THE ABOVE CUCKOLD'S WIFE.

Here close in a Coffin a Jilt lies conceal'd,  
Whose Deeds, to the World have been often reveal'd;  
When her Husband expir'd, she in Sable was Drest,  
Tho' the Deeds of her Darkness before were exprest,



So clearly, that all honest People might view,  
 How Wives can turn Whores, and turn Hypocrites too;  
 Yet some People think, that she may be forgiv'n,  
 If Whores after Death, may be fitted for Heav'n.

~~~~~  
 CXLVII.

INTENDED for HIM by HER.

If Love and Friendship could have kept
 My late dear Husband still and me
 United—as we used to be;
 So bitterly I had not wept,
 And now a Husband wanted.
 But why should I despair in Sorrow,
 I Sin if I my Loss deplore,
 He that made him, and thousands more,
 May send me one—To-morrow.
 I hope he will—God grant it.

~~~~~  
 CXLVIII.

On a CUCKOLD-MAKER.

Here lies that Rogue who went to bed,  
 So oft without a sleepy Head,  
 And who so oft his Rest would take,  
 When other Folk were wide awake;  
 In short, good Folk (to use plain speaking)  
 His chief Delight was Cuckold-making.  
 We doubt his Sins can't be forgiv'n,  
 He turn'd his Back so much tow'rds Heav'n.  
 However, since we do not know,  
 Whether 'tis possible, or no,  
 And since his Deeds won't bear inspection,  
 We leave him till the Resurrection,  
 Judgment, his Doom will ascertain;  
 When Whores and Rogues shall rise again.

CXLIX.

## CXLIX

On a CALUMNIATED, but INNOCENT and FORGIVING  
MAN.

In hopes you'll find in Heav'n repose,  
And Bliss that never ends,  
Oft have I pray'd for you my Foes  
As well as for my Friends.  
And now my Soul from Earth departs,  
I'll pray for you again,  
God bless you all, and turn your Hearts,  
'Tis yours to say—Amen.

## CL.

On ANOTHER, less conscious of INNOCENCY.

Talk, talk, vain World ! and censure on,  
I cannot hear you now—I'm gone,  
I'll meet you by and by again,  
It may be you'll forgive me then.

## CLI.

On the FAMOUS DR. JOHN TRUEMAN, a QUONDAM PRE-  
TENDER to CURE the VENEREAL, and almost every other  
DISEASE, and remarkable for often repeating the PHRASE,  
"BY THE BLESSING OF GOD" in his INCOMPARABLE  
ADVERTISEMENT.\*

"*By the Blessing of God,*" to Mankind be it known,  
That *Doctor John Trueman* lies under this Stone,  
An *Hibernian Weaver*, so fam'd (Critics say)  
For Advertisement-writing—the *original Way*,  
That none, either learn'd or unlearn'd, wrote so odd,  
Nor perhaps ever will—"with the Blessing of God!"

\* See his extraordinary Advertisement, in the Chester Chron-  
icle, for June 19, 1784.

## CLII.

## CLII.

ON AN AGED MAN OF TWO YEARS OLD.

From the Time of my Birth, to the Time of my Death,  
 The Seasons told *sixty-two* Years ;  
 Yet 'tis actually true, that I lived but *two*,  
 A Paradox tho' it appears ;  
 Which I thus would explain, if you'd know what I  
 mean,  
 I was Dead in my Sins till threescore,  
 And the two that remain'd (thro' Mercy obtain'd)  
 I lived to God, and no more.

## CLIII.

ANOTHER, ON DITTO.

Death does his Work as fast as Time can fly,  
 He that begins to live, begins to die ;  
 But Death to Sin, true Life in Christ doth give,  
 He that begins to die, begins to live.

## CXLIV.

ON AN UGLY, but GOOD-TEMPERED MAN.—(By DESIRE OF  
 his FRIENDS)

On the Form here interr'd,  
 We would not say one Word  
 That might tend to extol it, because  
 Nature had not thought fit  
 To bestow upon it  
 Much Grace—so it was as it was.  
 The Frontispiece rough,  
 Was deformed enough,  
 Disproportion'd, Ill-shapen, and Thin ;  
 Tho' without, all seem'd wrong,  
 You might learn from his Tongue,  
 There was something—*'delightful within!*

CLV.

## CLV.

ON ONE of the WORLD'S GOOD MEN.

If the Man whose Remains are inclos'd in this Spot,  
 Had been meek as a *Moses*, and righteous as *Lot*,  
 As faithful as *Abraham*, as patient as *Job*,  
 And as humble as *Abab* once was on this Globe,  
 As pious as *David*, as *Solomon* wise,  
 And as pensive as he that wish'd Founts in his Eyes,  
 As zealous as *Peter*, as valiant as *Paul*,  
 And as holy as *John the Divine* was withal ;  
 The World (judging still by its usual Rule)  
 Would have call'd him a crazy *Fanatic* and *Fool*;  
 But quite the reverse of the Saints so much blest  
 Was this *modern good Man* whom the World so caress'd,  
 Not a Trace of their Characters in him was shewn,  
 So the World sat him down as a Saint of its own.

## CLVI.

DEATH and the MAN of COMPLIMENTS, written by Way of  
 EPITAPH ON A MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.—Published in  
 the CHESTER CHRONICLE, for MAY 8, 1785.

"Why start? the Case is yours, or will be soon."

Stop Passenger and lend an Ear,  
 The *Man of Compliments* lies here  
 Who gain'd the World's Caresses ;  
 Whose bright Accomplishments refin'd,  
 Kept him from Faults of vulgar Kind,  
 And all their sad Distresses.  
 But (ah, the fickle Sate of Man)  
 View now the *finis'd* Gentleman,  
 Amazing Alteration !  
 Behold him trampled under Feet  
 Whom Crowds have bow'd to in the Street,  
 And view'd with Admiration.  
 How came this mighty Change to pass,  
 Stay, and I'll tell thee how it was,

And

And while thou read'st, take Warning,  
What chanc'd to him, may chance to thee,  
For such Disasters oft we see  
O'ertake the most discerning.

Death met him in a Crowd one Day  
Abruptly, and would not give Way,  
Nor past as Poor and Great went ;  
Well, said the Beau, I never met  
In all my Life, I vow, as yet,  
With such d--n'd rude Ill-treatment.

If we must have an Interview,  
You might have done as others do,  
Giv'n previous Intimation ;  
Surely at least you might have sent  
Some kind of *Card of Compliment*,  
By Way of Preparation.

I did, I did, reply'd grim Death,  
With me 'tis vain to spend thy Breath,  
I now must stop thy Nonsense ;  
Must I submit to ask thy Leave  
Who to my Voice has been as deaf  
As to the Voice of Conscience ?

Thou Man of Compliments must die,  
Thus saying, Death his Dart let fly,  
And slew him unpolitely ;  
A Period put to all his Joys,  
And here his dead stiff Carcase lies,  
That us'd to look so sprightly.

As to his Spirit, where it fled,  
Perhaps you'll think by what I've said,  
'Tis doom'd to dark Perdition ;  
Nay, but my Friend, I never meant,  
To tell thee where his Spirit went,  
Mind thou thine own Condition.

NOTES



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### NOTES TO PART III.

“THE Calamities attendant on a State of War, seem to have prevented the Mind of Man from viewing it in the Light of an Absurdity, and an Object of Ridicule as well as Pity. But if we could suppose a superior Being capable of beholding us, miserable Mortals, without Compassion, there is, I think, very little Doubt but the Variety of military Manceuvres and Formalities, the Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of War, and all the ingenious Contrivances for the glorious Purposes of mutual Destruction, which seem to constitute the Business of many whole Kingdoms, would furnish him with an Entertainment like that which is received by us from the Exhibition of a Farce or a Puppet-show. But, notwithstanding the Ridiculousness of all these Solemnities, we, alas! are doomed to feel that they are no Farce, but the concomitant Circumstances of a most woful Tragedy.

The Causes of War are for the most Part such as must disgrace an Animal pretending to Rationality. Two poor Mortals, elevated with the Distinction of a golden Bauble on their Heads, called a Crown, take Offence at each other, without any Reason, or with the very bad One of wishing for an Opportunity of aggrandizing themselves by making reciprocal Depredations. The Creatures of the Court, and the leading Men of the Nation, who are usually under the Influence of the Court, resolve (for it is their Interest) to support their royal Master, and are never at a Loss to invent some colourable Pretence for engaging the Nation in the Horrors of War. Taxes of the most burdensome Kind are levied, Soldiers are collected, so

as to leave a Paucity of Husbandmen, Reviews and Encampments succeed, and at last fifteen or twenty Thousand Men meet on a Plain, and coolly shed each other's Blood, without the smallest personal Animosity, or the Shadow of a Provocation. The Kings, in the mean Time, and the Grandees, who have employed these poor innocent Victims to shoot Bullets at each other's Heads, remain quietly at Home, and amuse themselves, in the Intervals of Balls, hunting Schemes and Pleasures of every Species; with reading at the Fire-side, and over a Cup of Chocolate, the Dispatches from the Army, and the News in the Extraordinary Gazettee. Old Horace very truly observes, that whatever mad Frolics enter into the Heads of Kings, it is the common People, that is, the honest Artizan, and the industrious Tribes in the middle Ranks, *unoffended* and *unoffending*, who chiefly suffer in the evil Consequences. If the King of Prussia were not at the Head of some of the best Troops in the Universe, he would be judged more worthy of being tried, cast and condemned at the Old Bailey, than any Shedder of Blood who ever died by a Halter. But he is a King; but he is a Hero;—those Names fascinate us, and we enrol the Butcher of Mankind among their Benefactors.

When one considers the dreadful Circumstances that attend even Victories, one cannot help being a little shocked at the Exultation which they occasion. I have often thought it would be a laughable Scene, if there were not a little too much of the Melancholy in it, when a Circle of eager Politicians have met to congratulate each other on a Piece of good News just arrived. Every Eye sparkles with Delight; every Voice is raised in announcing the happy Event. And what is the Cause of all this Joy? and for what are  
our

our Windows illuminated, Bonfires kindled, Bells rung, and Feasts celebrated? We have had a successful Engagement. We have left a Thousand of the Enemy dead on the Field of Battle, and only nine Hundred of our Countrymen. Charming News! it was a glorious Battle! But before you give a Loofe to your Raptures, pause a While; and confider, that to every one of these nineteen Hundred, Life was no less sweet than it is to you; that to the far greater Part of them there probably were Wives, Fathers, Mothers, Sons, Daughters, Sisters, Brothers, and Friends, all of whom are at this Moment bewailing that Event which occasions your foolish and brutal Triumph.

The whole Time of War ought to be a Time of general Mourning, a Mourning in the Heart, a Mourning much more sincere than on the Death of One of those Princes whose accursed Ambition is often the sole Cause of War. Indeed, that a whole People should tamely submit to the Evils of War, because it is the Will of a few vain, selfish, ignorant, though exalted, Individuals, is a Phænomenon almost unaccountable. But they are led away by false Glory, by their Passions, by their Vices. They reflect not; and, indeed, if they did reflect, and oppose, what would avail the Opposition of unarmed Myriads to the Mandate of a Government supported by a standing Army? Many of the European Nations are entirely military; War is their Trade; and when they have no Employment at Home, or near it, they blush not to let themselves out to shed any Blood, in any Cause of the best Paymaster. Ye Beasts of the Forest, no longer allow that Man is your Superior, while there is found on the Face of the Earth such Degeneracy!

Morality and Religion forbid War in its Motives, Conduct, and Consequences; but to many Rulers and Potentates

Potentates Morality and Religion appear as the Inventions of Politicians to facilitate Subordination. The principal Objects of crowned Heads, and their Minions, are the Extension of Empire, the Augmentation of a Revenue, or the Annihilation of their Subjects' Liberty. Their Restraints in the Pursuit of these Objects are not those of Morality and Religion; but solely Reasons of State, and political Caution. Plausible Words are used, but they are only used to hide the Deformity of the real Principles. Wherever a War is deemed desirable in an interested View, a specious Pretext never yet remained unfound. Morality is as little considered in the Beginning, as in the Prosecution of War. The most solemn Treaties and Engagements are violated by the governing Part of the Nation, with no more Scruple than Oaths and Bonds are broken by a Cheat and a Villain in the Walks of private Life. Does the Difference of Rank and Situation make any Difference in the Atrocity of Crimes? If any, it renders a Thousand Times more criminal than that of a Thief, the Villainy of them, who, by violating every sacred Obligation between Nation and Nation, give Rise to Miseries and Mischiefs most dreadful in their Nature; and to which no human Power can say, Thus far shall ye proceed and no farther. Are not the natural and moral Evils of Life sufficient, but they must be rendered more acute, more numerous, and more embittered, by artificial Means? My Heart bleeds over those complicated Scenes of Woe, for which no Epithet can be found sufficiently descriptive. Language fails in labouring to express the Horrors of War amid private Families, who are so unfortunate as to be situated on the Seat of it.

War, however, it will be said, has always been permitted by Providence. This is, indeed, true; but it

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has been only permitted as a Scourge. Let a Spirit and Activity be exerted in regulating the Morals of a Nation, equal to that with which War, and all its Apparatus, are attended to, and Mankind will no longer be scourged, neither will it be necessary to evacuate an Empire of its Members, for none will be superfluous. Let us, according to the Advice of a pious Divine of the present Age, think less of our Fleets and Armies, and more of our Faith and Practice. While we are Warriors, with all our Pretensions to Civilization, we are Savages."

*Knox on the Folly and Wickedness of War.*

#### CONCLUSION OF NOTE I.

—————" 'Twas Man himself  
Brought Death into the World; and Man himself  
Gave Keeness to his Darts, quicken'd his Pace,  
And multiply'd Destruction on Mankind.

First Envy, eldest-born of Hell, imbru'd  
His Hands in Blood, and taught the Sons of Men  
To make a Death which Nature never made,  
And God abhor'd; with Violence rude to break  
The Thread of Life, e'er half its Length was run,  
And rob a wretched Brother of his Being.  
With Joy, Ambition saw, and soon improv'd  
The execrable Deed. 'Twas not enough  
By subtil Fraud to snatch a single Life,  
Puny Impiety! whole Kingdoms fell  
To fate the Lust of Pow'r, more horrid still,  
The foulest Stain and Scandal of our Nature  
Became its boast. One Murder made a Villain,  
Millions a Hero; Princes were privileg'd  
To kill, and Numbers sanctifi'd the Crime.  
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?  
And Men that they are Brethren? Why delight

Q

In



In human Sacrifice ? Why boast the Ties  
 Of Nature, that should knit their Souls together  
 In one soft Bond of Amity and Love ?  
 Yet still they breathe Destruction, still go on  
 Inhumanly, ingenious to find out  
 New Pains for Life, new Terrors for the Grave.  
 Artificers of Death ! Still Monarchs dream  
 Of universal Empire growing up,  
 From universal Ruin. Blast the Design,  
 Great God of Hosts ! nor let thy Creatures fall  
 Unpitied Victims at Ambition's Shrine !"

*Dr. Porteus on Death.*

NOTE II.

"THERE is, perhaps, no Method of improving the Mind more efficacious, and certainly none more agreeable, than a mutual Interchange of Sentiments in an elegant and animated Conversation with the Serious, the Judicious, the Learned, and the Communicative. Light and Heat are elicited by the Collision of Minds. Truths which appeared dull in the Solitude of the Study, are no sooner agitated in Conversation, than they affect the Mind with the liveliest Impressions. And it is one Circumstance which, in a peculiar Manner, recommends the Mode of Improvement by mutual Discourse, that the social Affections are no less powerfully exerted and exercised, than the Powers of Reason. By the Display of both, the Heart and the Understanding are at once improved.

Should a young Man who seeks Improvement by Conversation be introduced into the Society of Nobles and Legislators, he will still find Dogs and Horses, with all their concomitant Sports and Amusements, the favourite Topics of Discourse. Literature would  
 be

be voted Dulness ; Morality, Preaching ; Philosophy, Nonsense ; and Religion, Hypocrisy. His Plato and his Tully will avail him little at the Cockpit, at a Horse-race, at a Gaming-table, in the Stud, and at the Dog-kennel. Such Places are the usual Resorts of the spirited and fashionable Part of very great Men ; of those, whom the Young, allured by the Brilliancy of their Career, would be most likely to follow.

Let him proceed in his Inquiry after this refined and elegant Conversation, and frequent, according to the usual Intercourse of Neighbourhood, the Houses of the Rich, the Respectable, and Fashionable, in private Life. They shall be Persons of Sense and Virtue, and yet Nothing shall pass in their Conversation from which any of the boasted Advantages of it shall be perceived. For what, indeed, are the Methods of passing Time, among Persons of the best Repute and genteelest Condition, while they think it indispensibly necessary to move in the Vortex of Fashion ? *Nothing grave, Nothing abstruse, Nothing speculative ; no moral Maxim or critical Remark*, would be admitted in a polite Circle of polite Visitors. There is evidently an Uneasiness, a Silence, an Awkwardness, a Vacuity, till *Cards* are introduced. It is not a harsh Delineation of modern Manners to assert, that in general, and even among those who have certainly a Right to Esteem, there appears to be no Taste for any Thing that deserves the Name of refined and ingenious Conversation. The Time of a Visit is for the most Part spent in repeating the doubtful News of the Day ; in mere Chat without Consequence or Connexion ; in eating, drinking, and crowning the Whole with Whist and Quadrille. All this may be thought very innocent and pleasant as a Relaxation ; and the only Point I maintain is, that the Species of Conversation from which

Improvement is to be derived, is not often found in the present System of visiting and conversing."

*Knox on the present State of Conversation.*

NOTE III.

"**T**HERE is still an Evil of War much greater, though less regarded. Who reflects, how many Hundreds of Thousands, nay Millions of *young Men*, born into this World for no other End but that they may be born again of Christ, and from Sons of Adam's Misery become Sons of God, and fellow Heirs with Christ in everlasting Glory? who reflects, I say, what nameless Numbers of these are robbed of God's precious Gift of Life to them, before they have known the one sole Benefit of Living? who are not suffered to stay in this World, till Age and Experience have done their best for them, have helped them to know the inward Voice and Operation of God's Spirit, helped them to find and feel that *Evil, Curse, and Sting* of Sin and Death, which must be taken from within them, before they can die the Death of the Righteous; but instead of all this, have been either violently forced, or tempted in the Fire of Youth, and full Strength of sinful Lusts, to forget God, Eternity, and their own Souls, and rush into a *kill* or be *killed*, with as much furious Haste, and *Goodness* of Spirit, as *Tyger* kills *Tyger* for the Sake of his Prey?"

*William Law's Address to the Clergy.*

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Death and the Man of Compliments, written by Way of Epitaph on a modern fine Gentleman.—Published in the Chester Chronicle, of May 8, 1785, No. 156.



E R R A T A

In the title Page, Line 4, instead of *upwards of 600*, read, *upwards of 500*. Page 1, Part I. after the Title Line, viz. *Epitaphs of two Lines each*, add, *chiefly consisting of select Couplets, extracted from the following Assortment*. No. 38, Part II. Line 1, instead of *sprightly Youth*, read, *O! sprightly Youth*. No. 59, Part II. the first Couplet should have been quoted. No. 84, Part II. last Line but one, instead of *took me from*, read, *took from me*. No. 159, Part II. Line 5, of the Epitaph, for *happy Ear*, read, *happy End*. No. 107, Part II. Line 1, for *tell thee*, read, *tell thee*.

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\* \* Should this Work meet with a favourable Reception from the Public, the Author intends publishing a Book of ORIGINAL EPIGRAMS, under the Title of *The Epigrammatic Microscope*, in three Parts.

